THE PAPER WITH A BIT OF DASH

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 35. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JULY 3, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

WHERE THEY TOUCH YOU.

Special Quality.
Ladies', 1/-, Gents', 1/3 per pair.
THE BEST HEEL MADE.

1. Your Health.

An eminent doctor has recently stated that worn-down heels are excessively injurious to the spine; that persons who tread their heels down, slowly but surely ruin their health. He deduced from statistics and from personal observations that certain ailments are most prevalent among the persons who pay the least attention to the level tread. Every woman should wear rubber heels, so also should everyone suffering from nerves. The feeling of magnificent vigorous health they impart is wonderful. When you consider that in an hour's walk your boot heel strikes the ground 10,000 to 15,000 times, and that when walking on hard, stone-paved streets, each step means a shock to the nervous system, the importance of a rubber cushion for the heel is apparent.

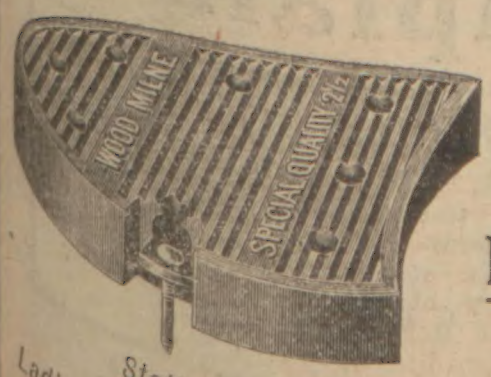
No. 3 Quality.
Ladies', 6½d., Gents', 9d. per pair.

2. Your Comfort.

Nature intended man to walk on springy turf—civilisation compels him to tread stone-paved streets. With the aid of a **WOOD-MILNE** heel, every street is made as easy to walk on as springy turf, or a turkey carpet. As the "Westminster Gazette" said: "The feeling they impart reminds one of holidays and walking on the downs. With their aid, exercise without headache and fatigue becomes possible for all."

3. Your Pocket.

WOOD-MILNE heels last four times as long as leather—hence they save repairs. By keeping the heel level they prevent boots losing shape, hence boots last as long again and keep comfortable and smart-looking all the time. It has been proved over and over again that **WOOD-MILNE** heels save ten times their cost in the boot bill.



Stationary Heel.
Ladies', 1/-, Gents', 1/6 per pair

But, and a Big But.

They must be **WOOD-MILNES**—not the shoddy imitations which abound. Every genuine **WOOD-MILNE** heel has the name **WOOD-MILNE** moulded in plain letters on the face of the rubber. By this you can tell them.

Get a pair to-day. From all bootmen.

[COPYRIGHT.]

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

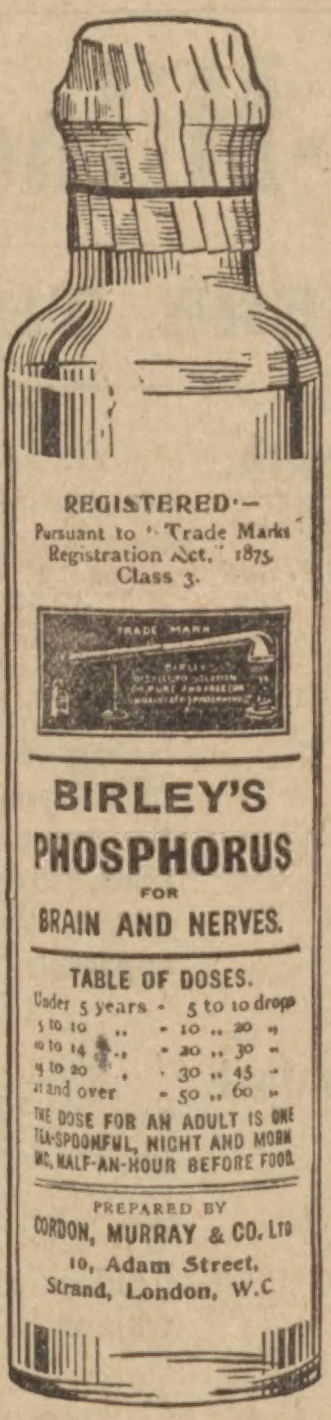
Try it One Week—FREE!

Over 100,000 Free Trial Bottles already distributed.

If YOU suffer from any Nerve Complaint, however trivial or severe, we ask you to try BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS at our expense.

The demand for BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS is growing by leaps and bounds.

FACSIMILE OF FREE BOTTLE


REGISTERED—
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875.
Class 3.
TRADE MARK
BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. LTD
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C.

The intrinsic merits of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS are winning for it life-long friends.

STRONG HEALTHY NERVES

produce perfect activity of every organ of the body. Men and Women with debilitated nerves have every bodily organ in bad working order. This means general ill-health, with turns of wretched and miserable despondency.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS is the true rational method whereby Strong, Healthy Nerves can be secured. By its incomparable aid you EAT BETTER, SLEEP BETTER, WORK BETTER—EVERYTHING IS BETTER—the Brain, Heart, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Digestion, and Bowels, all work to perfection under the guidance and influence of the vigorous active current of nerve force produced by BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS.

We cannot offer better PROOF than to give you the opportunity of testing this remedy FREE. Actions speak louder than words, and we rely on the intrinsic MERITS of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS to make it the WORLD-WIDE REMEDY for ALL NERVOUS TROUBLES.

SIGNS OF NERVE TROUBLE.

The symptoms of a debilitated nervous system are legion, and under this heading we have a whole host of neurotic complaints:

BRAIN FAG,	NAUSEA,
NEURALGIA,	LOSS OF MEMORY,
HEADACHE,	FAINTNESS,
SLEEPLESSNESS,	ST. VITUS' DANCE,
NERVOUS INDIGESTION,	TREMBLING,
PALPITATION,	VERTIGO or GIDDINESS,
HYSTERIA,	PRESSURE in the HEAD,
NEURITIS,	SINKING SENSATIONS,

and in addition the somewhat **Vague and Undefined Nervous Conditions** (yet real and distressing to the patient) of

NEURASTHENIA, viz.:

OVER-SENSITIVENESS,	IRRITABILITY,
LASSITUDE,	RESTLESSNESS,
ILL-TEMPER,	MELANCHOLIA,
VAGUE FEARS,	MOROSENESS, and
DESPONDENCY or DEPRESSION,	GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY and
MORBID FOREBODINGS,	MENTAL EXHAUSTION,

with inability to concentrate the mind. Each and every one of these distressing conditions can, however, be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Cures all Nerve Complaints.

Remember:—Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. You will be wise to fill in the coupon and secure a FREE Trial Bottle of this magnificent nerve restorative without delay.

SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 21) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a Week's Supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. ONE Trial Bottle *only* to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, etc., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 35. WEEK ENDING JULY 3RD, 1909. ONE PENNY.

AWAY FROM THE TOWN.

THE SIMPLE, VIGOROUS DELIGHTS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

I have been living the simplest of simple lives late and am quite astonished at the ease with ich all my wants are satisfied and the cheap- ss of existence when unencumbered by the necessary burdens of high civilisation. omparing the two sets of conditions, I have ne to the conclusion that, though money may I in faster to my pockets when in the city, it o rolls out faster, since there are so many portunities for spending. But I will drop the arithmetical problem of ome and outgo while I give an account of e pleasures that any reader of THE MODERN M may enjoy for the noble sum of fifteen illings a week.

To me the first essential of enjoyment in the untry is to live close to a hill. There is no ture like a hill to raise the spirits, and dispel gloom that begins to clog a man's mind after long course of city work. And so I have und a place upon a hill. It stands 800 feet ove that extraordinary affair known as "sea el," wherever it may be, and it commands a w of hills in a complete circle of the horizon. Here, for the sum I have named—a sum that often spend on extras in a couple of days in ndon in an endeavour to be reasonably tiable with casual acquaintances, in the mat- of smokes and drinks—I lie at night in a reading room and fall to sleep to the music of e wind in the pines. My window catches the st ray of sunshine from the rising sun and ods my room with warmth and life.

I revel in a "tub" of cool soft water, and scend in loose grey comfortable clothes to a wer room with lattice windows, and hung th local maps and sporting prints, to such eakfasts as I never eat elsewhere. My mornings pass in supreme contentment. ried in deep woods, I lose the sense of time d only know that I live and grow furiously ngry and thirsty.

The evening and the early night have beau- s of their own to be enjoyed by all quiet the few and homely sounds of the little ham- and smoke in peaceful silence on a stile hich offers a broad seat on the edge of a dense ood of well-grown larches. The sun throws deep red glow through the trees, an owl hoots om a valley wood, and in the midst of this renity and peace I try to realise that only fty-one short miles distant is the babel and the tle of the Strand.

By two hours before midnight the last traces day have almost vanished. Only the dark nd shapely tips of the larches, thrown up gainst the sky, show where the sun went down. As I stroll back to the inn to have a glass ith the countrymen just before closing time, I an only repeat to myself in utter amazement: Only fifty-one miles from London; only fifteen hillings a week!"

KENNEDY WATSON.

COPYRIGHT.

CHEEK.

It is only the hungry man who really has a bone to pick with present day social conditions, but unfortunately there is no meat on it.

* * * * * * *

Has it ever struck you how much more interesting are the bad things we are told of other people than the good things we know of them?

* * * * * * *

Mr. Pélissier of the "Follies" recently appeared at a special matinée, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to purchasing an Ambulance Wagon for the Yeomanry Nursing Corps. To test the strength and durability of the Wagon, it has been suggested that Mr. Pélissier shall be asked to take a trial ride in it.

* * * * * * *

When you can't make an A.B.C. girl hear you, it naturally follows she is D.E.F.

* * * * * * *

"A-scot Dresses!" mused our char-lady, reading the fashion column heading. "Why they must have taken to trousers at last!"

* * * * * * *

We have really heard so much about the Duke of Norfolk's Holbein that we almost wish it would emulate the feat of its namesake—and try swimming the Channel.

* * * * * * *

In spite of Germany's presumed numerical superiority in all matters, it really must be a comforting reflection to Mr. Balfour and all other Parliamentary golfers to know that there are only five golf courses in Germany. Britannia rules the Links!

* * * * * * *

The athlete's objection to billiards is that it will never make a Hackenschmidt of a man. But we have seen novices wrestling with the simplest strokes.

* * * * * * *

We thought it a little unkind of the "Express" to call the last naval display at Spithead "A Pageant of British Sea Power." Most latter-day Pageants portray the *earliest* British ideas, but some of these ships were actually built *within the last fifty years.*

* * * * * * *

This delightful Government has just found out it is wicked to drink on Sunday—hence the Sunday Closing Bill. "Oh, that some of them would find it wicked to breathe one of these Sundays!", says the licensed victualler, feelingly.

* * * * * * *

A member of Parliament has asked for a return of the money annually spent in beer. Well, that's what all of us would like.

* * * * * * *

Lord Roberts says we have only an army on paper. Meanwhile the foreigners are looking forward to having it on toast.

* * * * * * *

"They're off!" as the Sergeant-Major said when the recruits' section went for the regulation hurdle.

J. B. PONDERS.

SPORT AND TEMPER.

THE STRANGE EFFECTS OF SPORTING EXCESS.

A long acquaintance with sportsmen and athletes convinces me that they are amongst the most genial and good tempered of fellows on earth, but yet I have seen many astonishing displays of temper amongst them, and I have even seen in the papers reports of police cases where actual assault and battery followed participation in athletic exercises.

I do not pretend to know the reason.

I have seen men start with the gloves, each smiling at the other and liking him because he was fond of the same kind of sport; they have got on all right for round after round, and then, as they began to get tired, they have hit not to score but to hurt, and I have even known cases where it was necessary for their pals to step in and prevent them from stripping their gloves off and finishing the battle with their naked fists.

It is said that a man reveals his true character when he is in drink. Whether that be true or not, it is certain that he reveals any weakness he may possess when he is tired out with exercise.

There is fresh in my memory the case of a man whom you would describe as "game for anything." We were practising together in a riding school, with a view to joining the Yeomanry. We had been hard at it for some time and both of us were tired and hot.

He was putting his horse to a jump and it refused. It would be wrong to say that he was thrown over its head, for he was not. He merely slipped over its shoulder and fell quite lightly on his back.

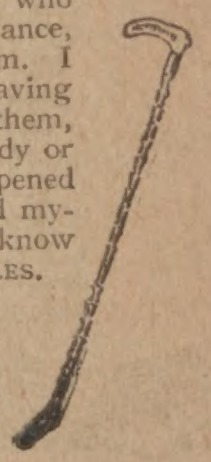
I expected him to pick himself up, for I could see he wasn't hurt, and under ordinary circumstances he would have done so, for he was plucky; but on this occasion he lay there till the instructor came along and helped him to rise. He made faces as if he were in considerable pain, and he cultivated a limp as he walked across to the centre of the school, where his horse was standing waiting for him.

If I had not seen how lightly he fell I would have said that he was really injured, but I knew it was only unconscious pretence.

We were good pals, and when it was all over I tried to get the truth out of him by first telling him some similar instances where I had known fatigue to knock a man all out of his own reckoning. When I told him of some such cases he saw that he was not the muff he supposed himself to be, and he confessed.

"For the time being," he said, "I was a damned child. I felt like a spoilt baby who doesn't know against whom he has a grievance, but who feels that someone has offended him. I wasn't hurt a bit. I wasn't offended at having to do these jumps, for I volunteered to do them, but when I was thrown I felt that somebody or something must be to blame. If it had happened earlier in the evening I would have picked myself up and laughed about it, but as you know that wasn't what I did do."

JOHN QUARLES.



OUR NEW COUNTY CAPTAINS

AN ARTICLE FOR CRICKET ENTHUSIASTS.

By ROBERT ABEL.

There are several new faces among the county captains this season. Kent, Middlesex, Sussex, Yorkshire have all had fresh leaders.

The first named, who are making a bold bid for the Championship, are led by E. W. Dillon, who is a native of Penge. Kent will have no "aliens" in her ranks, and, if a South African or an Australian wishes to qualify, he must first live five years in the hop county. Dillon is a Rugby and Oxford batsman and a left-hander.

He played for his county nine seasons ago while captain of his school, and his first century was recorded for London County against Worcestershire at the Crystal Palace. At Oxford he speedily made his mark, and seven years ago against Cambridge he set seal upon his fame by playing a couple of innings against Cambridge, making 85 in the first innings and 59 in the second.

KENT'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.

He went to the West Indies and found the grounds much to his liking, while at home his best season was in 1905, aggregating over 1,200 runs and an average of 50. He scored centuries against Somersetshire (twice), Gloucestershire and Worcestershire. The last three years he has had few opportunities for play, and it came somewhat as a surprise when it was announced that he was to succeed C. H. Marsham.

"A genial, courteous gentleman" is the verdict of the side who are going to make a bold bid for the Championship, though my sympathies go elsewhere.

P. F. Warner has so long deputised for the Middlesex "Macgregor," that one had got accustomed to regard him as the leader of the side. Truly by a long apprenticeship he had established his right, to say nothing of his claim, as England's most successful leader in Australia.

He is a native of the West Indies and like Dillon was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He did not get his "blue" until he was twenty-two, and was in the county team first. He did little in the University contests, but had shown rare form in the Middlesex second eleven, and, by 163 and not out 70, won his way to recognition.

"PLUM."

Since then he has never looked back. It is just a decade ago that he went to the Cape as a member of Lord Hawke's side and came out top of the averages. After that he went out with Lord Hawke's side to New Zealand and then he made the memorable journey to Australia. It would have been well if his travels had ended there, but, stimulated by success, he consented to lead the M.C.C. eleven to the Cape.

We knew just as much of South African cricketers as our people did about the Boers, and we made the same mistake of underestimating their powers. He found a side hardly inferior, if at all, to the Australians, and little wonder was it that the English side lost four out of the five Test games.

But for many years he has been one of the most consistent bats in England. He has scored nearly forty centuries, and his best is 204 for the M.C.C. against Sussex at Lord's.

Quite late in his career he made two separate hundreds in a first-class match, scoring 116 and 113 not out for England v. Notts, the champion county of the year. His latest seasons have been his most successful ones.

"Plum" is a good speaker and live writer and always wears a cap. He can always be detected on the field by his habit of hitching up his trousers. He always obliges the boys who want autographs, for he wanted them himself once. A walking encyclopædia of facts, figures and fiction relating to the game, he is a commanding figure of the sport.

C. L. A. Smith, who leads Sussex, a county that has done brilliant things this year, is an old Brighton College boy now in his thirty-first year.

Upon him has fallen the mantle of C. B. Fry and "Ranji." He is a player with a future, and has twice made a century for Sussex on the Brighton ground, 103 not out against Kent, and, curiously enough, 103 not out against Lancashire. He is a member of a well-known family and an all round player. He is a very popular figure with the spectators and the side.

It looks as if Yorkshire is likely to have a new skipper in E. J. Radcliffe, who is the successor to Lord Hawke, while it is generally understood that Northants will have to find a new captain another year.

THE SOMERSET SKIPPER.

Among those who did great things last year and this none have been more successful than J. Daniell, who took that forlorn hope, Somerset.

He is a Clifton man and an old Cantab. At school he gave ample evidence of ability, and eleven seasons ago he made his first appearance for his native county. His birthplace is Bath.

For a couple of years he did splendid work and has taken part in some memorable games with Surrey. I remember one not-out effort of 101 against the Oval folk, and a glorious half-century ten years ago when, going in first at Taunton, he remained till 141 had been totalled and placed the cider men on the way to a win by seven wickets. Last year, when he succeeded Samuel Moses James Woods, he returned to the active pursuit of the game he loves so well.

AMUSEMENT WITHOUT THINKING.

Various writers have tried to explain why so many people go to cricket matches, football matches and so forth, to watch other people playing instead of playing themselves.

Probably it is because at such functions as these they get their thinking done for them. They have had to use their brains or their muscles to earn their daily bread, and when their leisure comes they do not care to tackle further exertion.

It takes a good deal of thinking and a good deal of activity to win success in a game, but it requires none of either when you merely watch other people.

It is the same with the theatre. The majority of the spectators go there in order that they may be entertained without having to exert themselves, that they may see life without having actively to live it.

At one time I was addicted to this same slackness, or whatever it is, but I have managed to overcome it by joining the Territorials.

I find during the drills that I am only a soldiering machine, without having to exert myself in the way of thinking. I simply have to accept orders automatically.

All the same I get some capital exercise, and I recommend a similar course to anyone who feels that he could do with a bit more exercise, although he lacks the energy to seek it out.

ETIQUETTE.

XVII. CARD-TABLE MANNERS.

Knowledge and observance of the etique proper to the occasion are as important at t card-table as elsewhere.

Of course, if you are playing "Old Maid" some other round and frivolous game with yo pretty cousins, etiquette be hanged; half the f lies in everybody talking and playing at on and in flagrantly cheating one another.

But when you are playing with men, and stakes, large or small, you must mind your and q's.

Naturally, anything in the shape of unf play is taboo, and the man who is detected t ing to see over an opponent's hand will qu quickly find himself outside, the proper pl for "outsiders." But the player who allows hi to see it is equally at fault.

Never ask to be let off a penalty you have curred. There are lots of men who, havi played a wrong card, will ask to be allowed change it. That is very bad manners, for y put your opponents in an irritating positio They may not like to refuse, for fear of bei thought churlish; on the other hand, if th consent, they are annoyed with you and the selves for breaking the rules of the game.

Any game of cards, where money, howev trifling, is involved, should be played accordi to the strict letter of the law, quarter bein neither asked for nor given.

Take losses or gains quietly; the man wh bemoans his ill-luck is a nuisance, but perhap he is not so objectionable as the bounder wh exults in victory.

Keep your temper; take reproof from yo partner, when you have made a mistak meekly, but at the same time don't let him bull you.

A good story is told of a young subaltern wh cutting into a rubber at a club, drew for a par ner one of His Majesty's judges. The gam went against them, and the judge expresse himself more than freely over his partner's re or fancied delinquencies.

"Oh, shut up," said the subaltern, as th judge continued to rail. "Do yo

"Shut up!" said the latter, aghast. know who I am, sir? I am Mr. Justice C—

"Don't care if you are," retorted the young ster; "you're not in your own bally police cour here."

A well-merited reproof, for at the card-tabl all men are equal. It is bad man

Pay attention to the game. ners to chatter about general topics, or to b always behindhand in playing.

You are entitled to a reasonable time for re flection before playing, but some men put an all too liberal interpretation on this rule, and keep the whole table in a state of irritated sus pense, while they finger one card after another

The card-player who is well-mannered is silent without being surly, good-tempered, alert, and serene in victory or defeat.

A silent tongue is even more desirable in a spectator, and you should never look over player's hand, without first asking and receiv ing permission to do so.

Absolute silence during the fall of the cards is imperative, for remember that if you make any comment affecting the play you are liable to pay the losses of those who suffer through your indiscretion.

I remember a painful incident: I was playing poker and had had a long run of rotten luck. At length, for the first and last time in my poker-playing life, I was dealt a "royal flush"—ace, king, queen, knave, ten, of a suit —a hand that may be equalled, but cannot be beaten.

I picked up my hand, and a spectator behind me gave vent to a long-drawn "Whew!"

He apologised at once, but the mischief was done; none would bet against me, although there were some fairly strong hands out, and I lost the chance of a lifetime.

E. H. Hill.

E SHORT STORY.

D. CROMBIE.

tories are not usually to men, but I promise ill find this one an ex- Mr. Crombie has al- ributed to THE MOD- many stories and which wild passion the keynote, but here with what might be ure love of an ordinary n.—ED.]

YOUNG LOVE

Scott came into shment room looking rather pale.
there you are, Ted," he said, approach- an standing by the bar. "I thought I come in."
-an-hour ago. I'm no dancing man. the subdued strains of the music, as it rom here, gives me enjoyable sadness. f the days when——"
ture and a sigh completed his meaning. mean you prefer whisky and soda to yourself pleasant to females you don't ag about," observed Scott with brutal s. Then, as if flippant conversation his mood, he turned away.
ought a stroll in the garden might ap- " His voice died down as he moved to- e door.
arnlow swallowed the remainder of his astily and followed him. In a moment hey were promenading in silence up and e lawn fronting the seaside hotel.
s?" queried Ted suddenly.
o. Not over cheerful."
d enough of the old country to miss it,
a and a Civil Service appointment don't ate for everything."
m!" Farnlow ruminated.
ionally a hanging Chinese lantern lit his showed it clean-shaven, weather-tanned, aring the good-humouredly cynical ex- that middle-aged bachelors affect where nt is in consideration.
or twice he shot a glance at his young d-looking companion. Farnlow was at when bright eyes, earnestness and are the chief reasons for liking young d. He had lost these things himself, regretted most the capacity for Nothing was of sufficient import to him ys to create the luxury of sorrow.
oung Gerald was in trouble—and Farn- w it. It was to be seen in his pale face, t lips, the strain in the eyes. And the ct that he was going abroad to-morrow ear or two was not enough to account Moreover—for Farnlow had the depth om even though he affected the shallows cism—Farnlow knew that the suffering h is the most terrible on earth and only aughed at when it is past.
silent promenade continued; and admira- rred in the older man for the reticence other. He had expected confidences ere articularly as he and Gerald were well nted to the point of intimacy.
-ends at the seaside had been the frequent ion of these two. The suggestion of one had been Gerald's this time, and un- rnlow was a top-storey idiot—so he told —the reason why was Daisy Rescourt. d her family were down here, a regular of them.
low wondered where Gerald had first met ut he asked no questions. Such happen- ere as little the outcome of reason afore- t as they were inexplicable by reason ought. The only cause for uneasiness at Gerald was one of those unlucky devils ook things seriously—whose experiences indelible scratches on their slate of life.
silent promenade went on.

"Sorry I'm such rotten company," said Gerald.

"Not at all. Your silence is more eloquent than speech. Our hearts have been communing instead."

Gerald managed a tolerable imitation of banter.

"Then you know my innermost secrets?"

"Every single one," asserted Farnlow placidly.

"And you agree with me that I'm the biggest utter fool in Christendom?"

"Not I. My boy, my experience is it's when you least expect it that you're deemed a fool. Unanimity of opinion is as rare as"—he appeared to choose his simile with care—"as coherent thinking when a man's in love."

Gerald glanced at him quickly.

"I am in love," he burst out forcibly, as if daring contradiction of something incredible.

"My dear boy," observed Farnlow patiently, "you needn't inform the whole promenade."

Ignoring the gentle reproof Gerald went on like an undammed flood—but quietly:

"I'd ask her if I thought she cared. But how can I? How could I ask her to wait My position's paltry—and my prospects——"

"Superfluous details these, my friend of pronounced juvenility."

"But she's good—and strong. I tell you, Ted, that girl when she does care will be loyal. She's spring steel, I know. And she'd wait till the day of judgment. Oh, I know. I'd like to leave her to guard something—like a dog—just to see what she'd do. There'd be bared teeth and blood before she stirred——"

"Now, now!" Farnlow gripped his arm. He could feel the young body heaving. "I know what it's like. They're rare, the sort to make you feel like that. If you go to India without telling her it will be a crime. Don't tell it me. Tell it her. She'll want to know it. They aldays want to know. I'll find her, and send her out."

"Stop!" Gerald held him. "No—don't do that. I've made up my mind not to speak. Man, can't you see? I'm a fool, a fool unspeakable. There's never been a word. She knows nothing about it. She's only a kid—a kid, I tell you. And so am I. But I've got a man's love, a love that's bursting me. Oh, hell, I'm going off my head! Let's go and drink."

Farnlow came to a halt, put a cigarette between his lips, struck a match, and by the light of it had a good look at his friend. The pallor had gone, and it was now flushed by the heat of feeling. The faintest smile flickered over Farnlow's face.

Gerald saw the smile and turned away with a savage exclamation. He thought Farnlow was laughing at his emotion; but he did him injustice. Farnlow smiled because he looked handsome and was unaware of it; and he wondered how long Daisy would hold out.

"I'm going in," muttered his friend, making for the lighted hall.

Farnlow entered the ball-room with him.

"Look there!" said Gerald in a low voice. "Look how happy she is! D'you think I'm going to spoil that?"

"You bat!" returned Farnlow in the same key. "What's it matter what she looks like? It's what she feels! You'll never get a hint of that from her appearance—that is, in public. Get her by herself. You'll see the dif. Now's your chance! The dance is over. Miss it"—he scowled fiercely at him—"and you deserve everlasting torment."

Gerald made his way round to where Daisy was seated, his face set as if torture awaited him. She had seen his approach, but her smile as she looked up was a perfect example of welcoming surprise.

Without a word he offered his arm and together they went outside, and to a corner of the garden overhung by trees.

"This isn't your dance, you know," she said, and there was no trace of coquetry in her voice. Pretence seemed out of place, for some unexplained reason.

"I know," he said. "But the other fellows will have other chances. I shan't."

She knew he was going away, and where; and she was silent.

He looked at her. She was dark, and slim, and gracile as a deer. Her eyes were brown and steady, the arms white and cool-looking. She was not afraid. He knew that. And she also knew what was coming.

From the faint sadness somewhere in the face she might, too, be feeling the loss of the freedom of her youth. No woman surrenders love without surrendering also a something of her nature that is very dear to her. It is like saying farewell to a strange secret pride.

And because he saw this reluctance in her, he loved her the more.

Had she despised him, she would not have looked like this.

It seemed as if she cared and yet was afraid.

The hint of this made Gerald dumb. He merely looked at her—all eyes. And after a long interval of steady gazing into solitude she looked at him.

"I love you," he said suddenly, but quite quietly; and he made no movement to touch her.

"Don't——"

"I do. I can't help it. I must say it. It's cowardly. I'm going away. If you care—it will be hard for you—and I shall be happy at the expense of you. I can't help it." He made a tearing motion with his hands. "If I didn't tell you I should die. You're beautiful—you're wonderful, and sacred! So sacred I shall never be able to touch you. I feel that I want to say my prayers to you——"

She stopped him. The sadness was more evident in the eyes, but the lips were smiling and a little tremulous.

"Don't be silly," she said.

His two hands went out to her of themselves. He was unable to speak, and the consciousness of it in his face made it look piteous.

Into the face of the girl—she was little else—came an expression that made him bow his head. It was virginal, maternal, understanding, sorrowful—such an expression as the Madonna might have worn in looking at her Son.

For a brief moment she held his face against her breast, and her cool hands seemed to still the turbulence of his soul into everlasting peace.

Then she released him and they sat without speaking in a silence that was timeless. Their hands were clasped.

"Dear," he said, "you won't mind waiting?"

"No," she said.

"And you'll never be afraid?"

"No," she said, knowing that what fear there was to be he would suffer.

"You're beautiful," he said, "beautiful and brave; but it will be a trial of your courage."

"I shall not mind that," she said. "You will be thinking of me, and that will give me strength."

She sat very still, her hands passive, her face extraordinarily steadfast in its calmness.

"Oh, my dear," he said in sudden anguish. "You look like a sacrifice."

She smiled at him, and the smile warmed her face and showed her to him young, human, loving, and to be loved.

His arm went round her shoulder and he kissed her lips—once.

"God make a man of me!" he said.

* * * * * * *

And thus their life began.

A Farm Holiday

AND HOW IT AFFECTED A MAN'S LIFE.

I went to the farm to recover the health I had lost through studying too hard for a Civil Service examination. I did not know the farmer, and had not even had a personal introduction to him, my visit having been arranged through an advertisement in a newspaper.

He met me at the station with an old-fashioned phaeton, in which he drove his sister to church on Sundays. I discovered afterwards that it was the only conveyance which he possessed, for, when he wanted to get about himself, he rode. His hack was now between the shafts, and I could see that it was a good bit of horseflesh, too, though my knowledge of horses at that time was nil.

He had promised to meet me, and, as this conveyance was the only one outside the station, I presumed that its owner was my prospective host. I introduced myself to him and he shook hands, giving me a grip which took the smile off my face.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

As we drove along together, I could see that he was sizing me up. His eyes were light blue and, coming as they did a third part of the way from the top of a sunburnt face, there was something comic about them; but they were the kind of eyes that see pretty well into a man, and somehow or another I knew that he was forming his opinion about me, and also that it was not a very favourable one.

I had done very well in that examination and I regarded myself as a man of moment, for I had the distinction of success. I could see, however, that he was judging me without knowing anything about what I could do in the way of book learning—and I don't know whether he wasn't right.

At that time I was a tall slim chap, and I am pretty certain that he was setting me down as weedy. I knew nothing of the country and had come out in a smart lounge suit, with starched cuffs to my shirt, and all the rest of it, and I think he was forming his opinion from my clothes as well as from my physique.

NOTHING TO DO.

I had formed my opinion of him already, and to me he was a rustic, boorish and ignorant; I did not know any better then.

On reaching the farm I had tea, and in the evening I took a short walk and returned in time for early bed. As I undressed myself that night, I wondered whether it was really worth while to have come out here at all. The country seemed so wretchedly dull.

My awakening began next morning. I took my breakfast with the young farmer who was my host, and I was amazed at his astonishing appetite. We chatted about different things, and, wanting to satisfy my curiosity, I asked him how it was that he could manage to eat so much in the early morning, for I could only make a pretence at taking a meal.

"You see," he said, "I was up at six o'clock, and I've put in two hours work."

It struck me in a hazy kind of way that two hours work before breakfast, provided it would give you an appetite like this, was something worth the trouble. For my own part I never have worked before breakfast, and the man who could do so seemed to me to be something out of the common and worthy of interest.

I began to pay more attention to my farmer host. In the course of our conversation he said one or two little things which showed that behind the terra-cotta face there was a mind which, if not trained, was certainly active. I looked the man up and down as one does when trying to fathom a character.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

There were his magnificent shoulders, his thick neck, with the well set head upon it, the muscular wrists (mine were painfully thin), the easy athletic carriage. I had always despised rustics, but now I began to think that in some respects it was just possible that they might be superior to myself.

I treated what he said more seriously, but still he seemed to continue to harbour a certain amount of contempt for myself.

My standard was that of learning; his was that of physique and bodily accomplishments. Each failed in what the other excelled in, and consequently it is a marvel that we ever came to appreciate one another, but this thing did happen and here is the manner of it.

I had been taking a walk on the second day of my visit and was returning to the house through a field, when I saw the farmer at the top end, shouting and waving his arms, and a young horse dashing from his direction straight towards me.

CATCHING THE COLT.

"Catch that horse!" he shouted.

Without thinking about the danger of attempting to carry out his instructions, and without considering my own incompetence, I advanced towards the horse.

Perhaps the colt twigged that I was absolutely green so far as his kind was concerned, for he came straight up towards me.

I caught him by the forelock with one hand, and with the other I grasped him by the nose where you can get your fingers round the cartilage, after the style which I had occasionally seen horsey men employ in dealing with a rebellious steed.

The colt, finding himself a prisoner, lashed out, but I stuck to him hard, and the expression on the face of the farmer when he reached me was an ample reward.

"Jove!" he said. "I didn't think you could have held him."

A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.

He looked at me as if he liked me a little, as if he was beginning to think that there was some worth in me after all, and I was pleased.

Our mutual appreciation from this moment was by no means dramatic. It was gradual but certain.

That evening it came on to rain wickedly hard just after supper time, and, while he was lighting up his pipe and I my cigarette, the kitchen girl came in and told us that the hydraulic pump, which supplied the house with water, had stopped. It was necessary that it should be started again, and the farmer buttoned up his jacket, and got ready for the journey through the long, wet grass.

"I'm coming," I said.

"Right-ho," he replied, showing only the faintest symptom of surprise, for perhaps he remembered the episode of the colt in the earlier part of the day.

I put on my overcoat and cap and fastened round my trousers a pair of leggings which he lent me, and together we made our way down the long field to the hollow where the hydraulic pump used to throb, but where now there was nothing but silence.

He climbed down the ladder into the pit at the bottom of which there was the little ... dome of the pump, and I stood at the top wa... ing him.

My feet were thoroughly wet, for the boo... had brought with me were town ones and th... but I had begun to disregard things of this k... and I never so much as fidgeted lest he sho... think I was not fit to bear the stress of ... weather.

Presently I saw there was something wro... with the pump which he could not put rig... and I went down the ladder to help him.

It so happened that I had learned, amon... other things in the course of my studies, h... hydraulic pumps were constructed, and, by us... a nail as a temporary pin, I managed to set ... pump going again.

Here—I suppose for the very first time—... farmer really saw that I was of some little ... in the world, and as we returned to the hou... across the field his manner towards me chang...

He linked his arm in mine and made apo... gies for the wetness of the grass as if it w... his fault.

FRIENDS AT LAST.

We had at last smashed down our mutual p... judices, I to his lack of book learning, he to ... physical defects of the town-bred.

We had begun to become chums.

I think that was the most interesting part ... my first country holiday, for the rest is co... mon and prosaic and is exactly the sort of thi... that you would expect to happen under the ci... cumstances.

That evening I wrote to my bootmaker, w... had my size, and asked him to send me a p... of stout shooting boots; I also gave him ... order for a pair of leggings.

By the same post I wrote to my tailor to ma... up, post haste, a pair of riding breeches to ... me as well as he could without a trying on.

A couple of days later I received from ... my new outfit, and, attired in it, I felt that ... had shaken from me the trammels of my ci... prejudices.

TAKEN IN HAND.

I took the farmer, who was now my th... friend, entirely into my confidence. I confes... to him that I was in all matters of sport ... absolute novice, and I asked him to do what h... could for my reformation in this respect.

The next week was the time of my life.

He took me in hand. He taught me to ri... he taught me to shoot. We went down to the ... river of an evening, and he showed me how ... fish. On a Sunday afternoon he showed me ... how to swim.

I had regarded him as a man of no accounts... but I found that in his own world he was an ... expert, for in every matter of physical endeavour ... he excelled.

I spent three weeks altogether on that farm... and at the end of it I came back with health ... renewed, but that was the least of my acquisi... tions.

I had had my eyes opened to a new aspect ... life, I had learned, for the first time, that there ... was a glory in sport and in merely living, quite ... apart from any sort of intellectual capacity.

G. Lowes.

SWALLOWING SEA WATER.

It is difficult to swim in anything like a sea without catching some of the water in your mouth and letting it over. The taste is certainly not pleasant, but there is nothing to be alarmed about provided the water you have swallowed is clean sea water and not anywhere near a sewage outfall.

That certain waters have a beneficial effect on the system is undoubted. Marienbad is the place for getting rid of certain troubles, Harrogate for others and Malvern for others. But the sea contains all the salts which are to be found in the waters of these spas, and by drinking a little occasionally, you not only do no harm to your health, but actually do yourself a bit of good.

For smoker's throat, and colds generally, there is nothing to beat gargling sea water.

PEED WALKING

TRAIGHT TIPS FOR MAKING A GOOD SHOWING.

ner's days on the track usually end e twenties, but the walker can go on reaching manhood, and therefore ontests appeal to men of many ages, may take up walking and become a quite late in life—that is, late so far s go. Mr. C. E. Larner, world's ama- king champion, for example, was or thereabouts before he took to king.

t thing the would-be walker should into his mind is that walking is a rent business from running, more short distance running.

INT.

ner usually strives to conserve his or a final sprint, but the walker should ver sprint, for the simple reason that s is very likely to make him run and disqualification. Moreover, rhythm ity of stride is one secret, if not *the* successful walking, and the walker the last mile and every mile at the as the first.

races are not won by sprinting, f course, if you can keep a little bit sleeve for the final stretch, while g your standard rate, so much the t it is no use slackening down in the uickening up later. The man who e who knows his own powers, and schedule, paying no attention to his

to action in walking. Naturally, you nd must walk fairly, but don't be led altering or cramping your natural lleged hard and fast rules as to what s fair walking and what does not.

eople will tell you that the test of fair s keeping the front leg straight, but bbish. A man may walk perfectly yet bend his front leg throughout the n the other hand, a man may keep his ght and stiff and yet be running all the umping from his heels.

y real test of fair walking is that both never be off the ground at the same at, however, is rather a matter for the ut the point is that, if you find you by bending the knee as the leg comes then don't force yourself to adopt the ventional, straight leg action.

s differ greatly in the carriage of their You will see really good performers with the body thrown forward, others ent back, but the body upright is the ural position in walking, and therefore he best, though here again do not let interfere with your natural style, if air trial of the approved methods you do not answer so well as your own.

anagement of the arms is of great im- as they materially help the walker to his balance and to keep up a steady ng. Here it may safely be said that the swing your arms about the better.

ON.

ill see walkers who wave their arms fashion, flinging them right up over ds and down again with every stride, is an unwise and useless practice. The ction of the arms is very apt to disturb er's balance, while it increases the n his heart, lungs and wind, and in y puts him to unnecessary exertion.

not arms, are going to get the walker the goal, and violent exercise of the nply means that there is so much less r the legs.

e same, correct arm action goes a long ards success, and while here again your ividuality will come in, I may mention that the world's champion rarely if ever swings his arms above his waist, while, though he often pushes them right round in front of his body, he does not draw his elbows far back. In general terms the arm swing should always be easy, moderate and regular, and there should be no beating of the air.

CARE OF THE FEET.

Now I come to what I might almost have put first, namely the care of the feet. First of all, you want to harden your feet, and the best way to do this is not by soaking them in whisky or other lotions, but by walking barefoot. Even if you cannot conveniently do this in public, ten minutes' padding round your bed-room barefoot night and morning will work wonders.

Proper footwear, however, should save you from blisters, unless you are cursed with very tender feet, and the first consideration is your socks or stockings. These should be of pure wool, and don't run away with the idea that you can get pure wool at the price of cotton. They should be seamless, and many walkers like a separate stall for the big toe, and above all they should fit well.

A useful tip, especially if you walk in socks, is to wear a garter just above the ankle. This will keep the sock from working down, and by rubbing causing a sore heel.

SHOES.

Boots or shoes should be of the best quality, of oak-tanned leather, and should be made to order.

The sole should be cut so that the big toe can be in its natural position of a straight line, and, while there should be freedom for all the toes and every part of the foot, on no account should the boot or shoe be so easy as to allow the foot to slide about in it.

The heel should be low, not more than ¾ inch deep, and two useful tips for the speed-walker are to have a strip of cork let in between the lower and upper soles, and a little tip of indiarubber let into the heels at the back. These precautions will greatly lessen the jar on the walker's feet and frame. F. S. WALPOLE.

ONE SECRET OF POPULARITY.

It is only natural when you meet a man who has a fascinating personality and whose character is wholly to your liking, that you should endeavour to imitate him. Never do this.

By association with him you will unconsciously adopt certain of his characteristics, but let your copying end there. As soon as you do it with deliberate intent, you make yourself merely a copy book.

You become a mere imitation. You lack the ring of genuineness.

If you are not a sportsman, admit it candidly. Your sporting friends will like you none the less, for they will see in you the other points that make you worth cultivating; but if you pretend to be a sportsman they will very soon find out that you are only a fraud, and under such conditions it is impossible for you to be appreciated.

BOLTING HORSES.

SOME RIDING ANECDOTES.

No man who has any sort of ease in the saddle, feels the slightest discomfort when his horse is galloping for all it's worth beneath him, but it is quite a different matter when the horse bolts. Then, be your heart ever so stout, you feel that your life is hanging in the balance.

I make my living by teaching riding, and on an average I am in the saddle for about eight hours each day. Riding to me is a sort of second nature, but yet when a horse bolts with me I feel as uneasy as anyone else would under the same circumstances.

I remember once a horse bolting with me in the riding school.

There were two ladies present at the time and several men, one of them mounted. As soon as I saw that the horse was quite out of control, I shouted to them to get into the centre of the school away from danger.

There were several things I could have done under the circumstances. I might have jumped off. I can slip my feet free of the stirrups and vault off a horse travelling at high speed so that I land on my feet, but this horse was going a good deal too quickly to make this possible.

I might have kept him at it, round and round, till he tired out, but at the speed we were travelling it was almost impossible to take the corners, and I was running the risk of getting my skull cracked on the brick walls of the school.

I considered both these alternatives and decided that neither was any good in this case.

At one end of the school there is a wooden fence about five feet high, with gates in the centre, through which the horses are brought. The way leading to these gates is thickly covered with tan, and I made up my mind to run the horse smash into these gates and take the chance of landing fairly softly on the tan outside.

So I shouted to those who were watching to stand aside, and, turning the horse sharply at the top of the school, I brought him right down the centre and sent him straight at the wooden gates.

The catch which fastened them together was not a strong one, and I expected that it would give way with the collision, but the collision never occurred.

As soon as the horse saw what he was in for he pulled up, and it was only because I have a good seat that I managed to prevent myself from going over his head.

On another occasion a horse bolted with me as I was riding him back to the school; it was a motor-'bus that scared him.

We went hell for leather down a quiet road beside our premises, those who happened to be about bolting on to the pavement out of our way. The yard gate was open and the horse dashed full tilt towards his own stable door.

This door was too low to allow me to get through even if I crouched down, so I caught the iron gutter above it and let the horse pass underneath me.

The whack I got sent the wind clean out of me, and I dropped down, not feeling very fit, I can assure you, but I had at least saved my life, for if I had attempted to keep on his back I should have caught the top of the doorway with my head.

The horse himself fell in the stable, broke his leg and had to be shot.

If ever it is your luck—or rather ill luck—to have a horse you are riding bolt with you, I advise you to get your feet out of the stirrups, so that you will not be dragged in case of a spill.

Try in the first place to get the bit from between his teeth by sawing the reins; but, if that fails, pull with all your might on one rein and send him round and round in a circle till he is tired out.

It is no use pulling evenly—however hard—on both reins. CHARLES BENNETT.

What Our Readers Say.

THE KNEES IN RIDING.

If you feel the inside of your knees you will discover that there is a bone close to the surface. That is the part of your anatomy which ought to press against the saddle when you ride.

When you ride with your leg in this position, you keep your feet parallel with the horse's sides, as they ought to be

The novice always has a tendency to turn his toes out and his heels inwards. This never looks well and if you were wearing spurs there would be actual danger, for you would be spurring your horse when you did not mean to do so.

On the other hand, if you turn your heels too far out and your toes in, so that you are pressing against the saddle not with the bone mentioned above, but with the side of the actual knee cap, you will very quickly strain your thigh, and this injury is by no means an easy one to get right.

When you ride, you don't want to keep on gripping the sides of your horse; if you did that you would very soon tire yourself out; but you must keep the leg, from the knee to the ankle, stationary, and you must keep the knees close to the saddle.

In a short time this position becomes a natural one, and, though you are not constantly gripping, you are ready to do so should your horse stumble or attempt to play you any tricks.

DOG BUYERS.

I took up the business of dealing in dogs, pigeons and other animals, simply because I am very fond of live stock, and think it best that a man should earn his living at something into which he can put his heart.

I always try to be honest, but there seems to be a general belief amongst the public that men in my trade are all rogues, and, no matter how little I ask for a puppy, a buyer always haggles and protests as if I were trying to cheat him.

He encourages me to lie, too, for, even with the cheapest dogs, I find that the majority of customers demand a pedigree. I know they will not take the trouble to verify the pedigree, and it is very tempting to make up a fictitious one. After all, they do not want to show the dog, but only to brag about its being a thoroughbred, and a fake pedigree serves their purpose as well as a genuine one.

Although the bulk of my trade is in the cheaper kinds of dogs, such as fox terriers, yet I occasionally deal in the more highly priced breeds, and, as puppies of this class cost me a lot, I naturally have to make the price pretty stiff.

Ladies and gentlemen will come to me and try to make all sorts of compositions over the payment of the price, though they will think nothing of buying a motor-car at a hundred times the cost. They offer me things in exchange, or as part payment, and sometimes they ask me to take payment on the instalment plan, but I never deal for anything but cash.

Some customers, again, are most fastidious about the dog's character. They will pay me three half-crowns for a puppy that has never had any training, and imagine that they should have a sort of thinking dog. Some of my patrons write to me about every little fault that the pup commits and they seem to think I am to blame. Altogether I do not advise you to take up dog dealing if you want to retain a high esteem for your fellow men.

LEAVING YOUR BIKE OUTSIDE.

When you are having a Saturday afternoon run on your bicycle and go into some place for refreshment, you do not always want to ask the landlord if your bicycle will be safe outside, for you feel that the inquiry is fussy; neither do you wish to have the bicycle stolen; therefore you are uneasy all the time it is out of your sight.

An old enthusiast recently gave me a tip which has something to recommend it.

He had been in the habit, at one time, of locking his machine with a small chain and padlock, but he had dropped this after receiving a nasty spill through forgetting that the chain was there. Now he simply unscrews the saddle of his machine and carries it in with him.

The man who could ride a saddleless bicycle may exist, but not in sufficient numbers to be a danger, and this scheme has also the advantage in rainy weather that you are saving your saddle from getting wet, for nothing is more unpleasant than a saddle that is soft and cold when you remount your machine.

FOX POACHING.

In our part of Leicestershire there is carried on to a considerable extent a strange form of poaching which is very unsportsmanlike, but fairly profitable.

It is the capturing of foxes.

The poachers simply prowl about till they find a foxes' earth and then dig out the foxes and the cubs, taking them off alive in sacks.

The sale of the foxes is done through a middleman, who sells them to an M.F.H. whose coverts are depleted, as genuine Scotch foxes, fresh from the Highlands. It may even happen that he buys back the very foxes that have disappeared from his own country.

The price the poachers receive for a fully-grown fox varies from a sovereign to thirty shillings, and for cubs generally about ten shillings each.

MY FIRST CHARGE.

Being of a horsey nature and also a reader of a horsey paper, I will describe to my fellow readers what I experienced in the first charge I was allowed to take part in.

I was a full-blown cavalry recruit, and it was the day of my dismissal from the riding school. We had to go through various drills, finally ending up with a charge.

The night before I was working very late, giving my saddlery an extra good clean up. The morning came and we had to turn out at 6.30.

On the way out to the field, my heart began to thump, and all sorts of imaginings went through my mind. What if I should fall off and be trodden under the hoofs of the horses in the rear and never be able to mount the saddle again? What if the horse in front lashed out and broke my horse's forelegs and I rolled underneath her? What if she bolted and threw me and I broke my neck?

After performing the drills which we had done a hundred and one times before, we were dr up in line, front and rear rank.

"Attention!" was given. Everyone sat straight as possible. The next order "Trot!" Then "Canter!" I felt half-incli to pull my horse round. Then rang the w "Charge!"

A loud cheer ran down the line. Inst taneously fear left me. I dug my spurs i my horse; she and I became one being. Av we went, over bushes and across ditches. gloried in being a soldier. I urged my ho on. Faster and faster we went, till the grou beneath us thundered and the dust flew up clouds behind us.

Suddenly above all the noise there sound the word "Halt!" The horses were stopp immediately, puffing the same as myse breathless with excitement. It was over, like dream. We were ordered to dismount.

I put my hand into my pocket and gave horse her usual biscuit, and when she rubb her head against my chest, I kissed her no Good old "Sis," she and I are pals, almo lovers, and when we have to part I know sh feel it just as much as I will.

I strongly advise all my fellow readers if t to join the Cavalry to join some Yeoman corps. It's grand to be amongst horses; th are the best friends a man can make.

SWIMMING DANGERS.

The danger that river swimmers encount from weeds has frequently been pointed o There are many swimmers, however, w imagine that no harm can come to them unl the weeds are of the strong and tough kind, su as water lilies. This is quite a mistake. T smaller weeds, such even as water cress, a quite enough to render a man helpless if he go into a thick bed of them.

It is a safe rule to avoid water altogether there is any sign of weeds, for where there weeds there is generally also mud.

Another river danger which should be guarde against, is injudicious diving.

You may be having a cycling tour in som quarter that is strange to you and, the day being hot, you decide to have a dip in a river th looks tempting.

In you dive from a high bank and swim abo till you are tired out, and it is only when you want to land again that you find that the bank is too steep for you to climb up.

This danger is a very real one, as a case came within my notice recently of a young man being drowned in this way.

COMING OUT ON TOP.

No man likes to acknowledge defeat. It usually means a loss of self-respect, and what he loses that he becomes in some way less of a man.

Yet in the realm of sport there are far too many who do give in and admit themselves beaten.

If, after giving a new sport a fair chance, you find that there is little or no prospect of your ever doing any good at it, or if you can muster no enthusiasm or liking for it, give it up, but do not do so under a cloud. Make sure that you come out on top, and wait till you have acquitted yourself better than usual before you retire for good.

If you give up a game or a sport after a bad day at it, you will always feel that it has got you down and that you have proved yourself a rotter.

For instance the golfer who, after a round in which he has failed to hit a single good ball, makes a bonfire of his clubs and with many oaths abjures the game for ever, loses far more self-respect than if he bids farewell to it after doing a round within measurable distance of bogey.

It is the same with a horse. If he contrives to put you on the grass or on the tan, and you have not the pluck to get on his back again, you have lost more than your control of that horse, which is gone for ever—you have lost part of your manhood.

SOME USEFUL PRIZES.

The prizes we offer for contributions to this page are not fortunes, but they may come in handy. Let us have something that grips, something that our readers will enjoy.

You remember how interested your friend was the other night when you told him about that little matter. Put it into a paragraph and send it along; if it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Trooper W. Newby, "A" Squadron, 7th Hussars, West Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot.

ASHING YEOMANRY STORY.

JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

KERNAHAN'S NIGHT OUT.

authorities who look after the
tic welfare of the King's Own
Regiment Blankshire Imperial Yeomanry
indly supply a piano in the "B" Squadron
n tent at camp, so that the troopers are
d to provide amusement for themselves
n those most isolated spots on the coast
are invariably selected as the venue of the
ent's annual training.
s, at night, startled wayfarers on the high
near choruses roared out by at least half
quadron, and it sounds as if the whole
Army is joining in when they really "let

Squadron's official Trooper-Pianist, one
Stephen, who gloried principally in
compositions, was invariably stuck on the
stool nightly and directed to "play some-
we all bally well know." Whereat, his
roaning within him, he banged out rollick-
frains, faultlessly played by ear, from the
hall's latest popular songs.
appened, on an extremely warm evening
the regiment had been in camp a week
ven the recruits were beginning to think
orth living, that, in accordance with his
custom, Trooper Stephen was surprised in
eserted canteen playing something of
stein's. Some ten Yeomen entered the

evie, my darling," said Kernahan, quietly
ing the Trooper-Pianist on the floor, "you
that 'B' Squadron's got no musical soul
a comic song, so why give us Beethoven
we——"
binstein—you owl!" Stephen corrected

pardon, m'sieu," said Kernahan, "but
up something we can all bally well sing,
ighter!"
e Yeomanry Song!" at least half-a-dozen
ed.
t for all the beer in the canteen!" said
r Stephen. "I must have played that
d thing fifty times last night and I'm sick
Kerny can play it if he likes—I've done!"
on, Kerny. Tune up, old war hoss!"
e prompt rejoinder of the confederacy.
ernahan, who was as envious of Stephen's
g as Stephen was of his horsemanship,
o the piano and picked out with more or
curacy, and an extremely vague bass, the
ing, stamp-and-go refrain of The King's
pet song.
e poetical trooper had supplied the words.
ane was a catchy march as played by the
ental band, and it was the only composi-
at the redoubtable Kernahan could play.
—together—boys!" Kernahan shouted,
the key with a far from melodious chord.
, we'll yell it out with glee,
herever we may be,
n the march or on the wine—it's just
the song—

(Pompity-Pom!)
or the King's Own Yeomanree
at Meringham-by-the-Sea—
it's canter, trot, or gallop—get along!"
nahan had to "tune her up again" so
times that he began to realise, as Trooper-
ts have done before him, that it was his
o do the work while his friends enjoyed
elves and quaffed much beer.
n't stop!" came a shout from the fast in-
ng ranks of Yeomen, as Kernahan banged
the piano lid to signify that the Yeomanry
has its limitations when sung "dry." A
ozen or more tankards of canteen beer were
tly passed over to him.
was in the middle of the first, his face half-
ed, when Sergeant-Major Brighton en-
and, wonderful to relate, shook his head
general cry of "What's yours, 'Major?"
ernahan," he said, "let that tankard be
last to-night, my boy."
here's your bloomin' Band of Hope
?" asked someone on the outskirts of the

crowd, sarcastically but in wonderment.

But Kernahan had traced a deeper meaning in the old Sergeant-Major's tone.

"Shut up—over there!" he said. "Go on, 'Major. You've something up your sleeve. I know that twinkle in your lovely grey eyes."

A respectful silence had fallen. There is no doubt that, should occasion demand, the men of the Squadron "B" could be trusted to follow their old Sergeant-Major to the infernal regions, and back again.

The Sergeant-Major turned to the group.

"I have my reasons," he said, "for asking you fellows to keep your heads clear to-night. Now, don't forget; forewarned is fore-armed, you know—at least, it should be, although it was never so to the British Government, worse luck."

He paused.

"Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret, you will attend at my tent five minutes from now. Sorry to take away your pianists, gentlemen, but in this case it's——"

"Business before pleasure," some one put in.

"Exactly," replied the Sergeant-Major gravely, and departed.

He had hardly left the tent before the men broke out into an excited buzz of conversation.

"What's the game?" they asked, pressing round the trio—Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret.

"The worst of you fellows," Kernahan said unkindly, "is that you've no more brains than spiders. You know that once every camp we have a surprise night turn out; you could see, also, that the Sergeant-Major was worried; and those of you who have any sense must understand that the Medfordshires aren't camping within five miles of us for nothing."

"So to-night," one of the group broke in, as light dawned on him, "we shall probably get the surprise call to march on the Medfords, eh?"

Kernahan turned a delighted face to the speaker.

"What a brilliant chap you are!" he exclaimed. "Here, Stephen, there's actually a man left in 'B' Squadron who can put two and two together without making five of it! Now, look here, you chaps, if there is a turn out to-night let it be old 'B' Squadron that gets through the enemy's lines first! Now, once more, before we go!"

Kernahan sat down again at the piano, and thumped out the swinging refrain of the Yeomanry Song, while the Troopers gathered round and roared it out fortissimo.

"So it's canter, trot, or gallop—
GET ALONG!"

The last two bars were crashed out. The piano lid was banged down, and simultaneously the troopers of "B" Squadron finished the contents of their tankards, and, although the clock had only just struck nine, they swore it should be their last drink that night. The explanation is that "B" Squadron is very thorough.

A few minutes later, three Yeomen, in the persons of Kernahan, Stephen and Carteret, were listening attentively to certain instructions detailed to them by their beloved Sergeant-Major, as they stood before his tent.

In an incredibly short space of time after that interview, the full moon showed up three mounted Yeomen trotting smartly along the dusty road to Brynhilton, where the camp of the Medfordshires lay.

To the disgust of Trooper Stephen, Kernahan still continued to whistle, as they trotted along the road, the catchy refrain of the Yeomanry Song—which is, in addition, the recognised Anthem of Squadron "B."

II.

It is perhaps more to the point that the details of that evening's interesting diversions should be given in the words of a man who saw it all from the inside.

That man was Trooper Bob Stephen, the particular friend of Kernahan, and it was in the Sergeants' Mess Tent, to which the three had been invited, that, under the soothing influence of a fragrant cigar, he spoke thus through half-closed eyes to an audience that listened with a respect not usually meted out by non-commissioned men to military inferiors.

"Of course," he said, "there was no credit due to me. The whole affair was entirely—Kernahan. (You shut up, Kerny, I'm telling the tale, and I shall say just what I like!)

"The point with old Kerny, and, having known him many chequered years I'm in a position to speak, is that he's thoroughly, completely, and infernally adequate.

"We three are only plurry troopers, but Yeomanry work having been our hobby as well as our duty, we've used ourselves to keeping our eyes skinned, and at camp we've no particular right of way to whisky—not being members of this excellent Sergeants' Mess. *We* aren't even lance-corporals, Kerny and myself, nor is there any immediate prospect, which is, perhaps, a good job, for the day they make that sly old fox, Kernahan, a non-com. then the Squadron 'll go to pieces like a barrel without hoops.

"But to continue with the epic. Our instructions from dear old Brighton were straight and to the point—thank the Lord he's not here to hear me say so!—and they were also ladled out with a single eye to the benefit and glorification of Squadron 'B.'

"Accordin' to the rules of the game, only the Adjutant, the Colonel and perhaps a couple of Captains have any fore-knowledge of these little annual surprise calls. But nothing will convince me that old Brighton doesn't either hang round the Officers' Mess tent every night when conditions are favourable to bringing off the surprise, or else he bribes the officers' supernumerary servants for tit-bits of early information. He's a devil for early and precise information, is old Brighton. I believe the same sort of thing saved him and his troop at Omdurman.

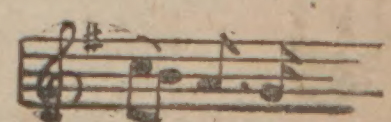
"Well, whatever methods he employed, old Brighton knew two hours before the usual time that the officers of the Blankshires and the Medfordshires had arranged that their men should be treated to a surprise turn out that very evening, each on their own merits to get through to each other's camps.

"It meant a lot of creepin' about in the dark, and it was calculated to send all scouting parties and outposts mad—the usual idea of all these official sham fights.

"Brighton, of course, was not slow to convert the information he had obtained to immediate advantage—which should be the essence of all military tactics. But you will observe that it did not do for him to go spouting it about to all 'B' Squadron or it might have got round to the other blighters——"

"Thanks," said a Sergeant of "A" Squadron, an honorary guest of the Mess.

"No personal ill-feeling, old chap. Merely what the Adjutant calls healthy rivalry. As I said, it might have got round to the—er—



talented non-coms. of the other Squadrons. (How's that?)

"Therefore, Brighton entrusts to Kerny and myself the honour of his confidence in the matter, and also extends the aforesaid privilege to Carteret, over there—a bally first-year man—but one who, as Mr. Kipling says, ' 'as the core at 'eart.' The Wisp is at least a trier, and when he has lost about the two stone too much of conceit he carries, he may be useful. (Hear that, Ter-ooper Carteret?)

"Our instructions were, briefly, as follows: The three of us were to get through the line of the Medfordshires' sentries at Brynhilton, after tying up our horses, of course. Then we were to sort of duplicate what I firmly believe to have been old Brighton's game at our own camp—namely, to do a little bit of general spying and glorified eavesdropping round the Medfordshires' Officers' Mess, and find out what was likely to be the disposition of their forces, thereby gettin' a knowledge of their probable weak spots.

"Kernahan knows the country as well as an Ordnance Survey man, so that this was naturally his extra special department. Brighton considered that by the time we had got this information together—he never considered the possibility of our capture, you see—well, by that time he reckoned that the King's Own in force ought to be creepin' along cautious in the dark and attempting to close in on the Medfordshires.

"The information having been obtained by hook or by crook, we were to mount again and gallop back smart to 'B' Squadron and give a full report to Brighton—all this being with the single idea that 'B' Squadron once again should take the full honours of victory if we won, or make the best show for the King's Own if we got whacked."

"How sweetly unselfish!" remarked the "A" Squadron man sarcastically.

"Call it what you like, old boy, but forethought is vastly encouraged in our little lot, and all's fair, of course, in surprise calls—hence the tactics of Squadron 'B.'

"To resume. Followin' Kernahan's commands, we cut it out smart for the Brynhilton 'Checkers,' which for Kerny has old associations. All the way along, I must remark, Kernahan was driving me mad whistling 'B' Squadron's anthem, and asking me if he'd got it quite right. Oh, he has a precious rotten ear for music, has Kernahan!

"It was a warm night, but he was wearing his cloak. (It must have roasted the sly old fox!)

"The worst of operatin' in company with Kernahan is that he tells you nothing, it being one of his rules in military affairs not to let his left hand know what his right is doing. He doesn't believe in overstocking you with unnecessary information until the psychological moment. Then you have to act on his word without argument. If you're placed temporarily under his command, he expects you to act accordingly, and ask no questions. Which rule I have found it best to follow when we've been concerned together.

"We stabled our horses at the 'Checkers' at Brynhilton, giving the old landlord very particular instructions to be blind to the presence of three King's Own men in that part of the country. Then came the real sport.

"Do you know there's somethin' weird and fascinatin' to a man stalking his fellow men, even as we did last night? Gad! It made *me* think of what the Real Thing would be if our caution was added to by the knowledge that we might meet a rifle stickin' out of a hedge levelled at our heads!

"But no spy in actual warfare ever moved with more caution than did old Kernahan. As soon as he saw that his watch marked ten o'clock, he was like a soldier with his country's interests to look after—to say nothin' of his life!

"At ten, we knew, 'war' was officially declared, and we were in the enemy's territory. We hung about a little and got in touch with the outlying scouting parties of the King's Own who were looking after the roads and certain lanes which were the main arteries to them. Very funny it was, too, in the dark, havin' to lie behind hedges and in ditches at times when a troop of khaki-uniformed Medfordshires went clattering by—only to be brought up pretty soon by their scouts, because they'd stumbled on a body of the King's Own on the Meringham Road——"

"That was our lot," the "A" Squadron Sergeant put in.

"I thought so. We heard the Medfordshire chaps saying they were a horribly exposed squadron!

"However, we had gathered from the King's Own scouts exactly the spot which 'B' Squadron were making their advance for, and it wasn't long before we came on their advance guard under the command of Sergeant Hall.

"Kernahan checked them and advised them to pull up behind a ridge that overlooked Brynhilton Common, where the Medfords' camp lay. Then he airily told 'em he'd come back and direct them exactly where to make their dash. It was cocky—and Kernahan all over——"

"Damned if I'd have stood that from a trooper!" remarked the "A" Squadron Sergeant feelingly.

"Ah, that's exactly where you chaps fail. You've no notion of combinin'. Anyhow we three went off, and, passing the outpost with ease, we started crawling through the lines like so many Pathans.

"The country round Brynhilton is mostly of the rugged sand-hill order, as, of course, you know, and afforded plenty of cover. The fact we overlooked was that it also afforded cover for the opposin' gentlemen, and when Kernahan was stealing over a big bunker which is responsible for half the bad language among the Brynhilton Golf Club members, he suddenly had to double back pretty smart, havin' been detected in the cursed bright moonlight by one of the Medfordshires.

"We had, in addition, left out of our reckoning that possibly the Medfordshires contained a Kernahan or two, but we realised this when the hillocks around us suddenly gave birth to khaki-uniformed Medfordshires. We'd left Carteret a little way behind under cover, while we threw out a feeler, but it was plain that we were captured by all rules of mimic warfare.

"Now, I told you that Kernahan expected you to act on his instructions with no argument, didn't I?

"Well, before we had left Carteret, Kernahan had told him that in case of our capture he was to cut straight back to 'B's' advance guard and wait for a signal from him to attack.

"'What signal?' asks Carteret.

"'You'll see plain enough—but we aren't captured yet,' says Kernahan.

"But five minutes later, dear boys, we undoubtedly were!"

Trooper Stephen paused in his narrative and finished his whisky and soda, while the Sergeants said no word.

"Yes, we had to surrender to about a dozen of 'em," he continued, "but was old Kernahan beaten then? Oh, dear, no!

"We promptly gave our parole to those men, and promised on our honour not to escape. That to Kernahan was easy, for he had no such intention. I didn't know it then, but that cloak pocket of his contained a certain provision for the emergency of our capture. Oh, he's a crafty old fox is Trooper Kernahan!

"With one of the Medfordshires, an infernally nice chap, we took a comprehensive survey of their camp, and we found out from him that the east side—just opposite where 'B' Squadron were in cover on the ridge—was a weak spot, as there were merely Brynhilton cliffs and the coast line to look after and no road such as a Squadron could be expected to traverse. Suddenly I caught a wink from old Kernahan.

"'Have you got a piano in your canteen?' he says to our Medfordshire friend.

"'Yes. Do you play?' asked the chap in khaki.

"'No, but my friend does—beautifully,' s Kernahan, tipping me another wise old look.

"'I'd like to try your piano,' I said, playi up to Kernahan's lead, though I was quite the dark then.

"Well, no sooner had we got into the cant than Kernahan hissed 'Yeomanry Song!' i my ear, and, as I'm a living sinner, he produc a trumpet from his coat pocket.

"*Then*, my beloved hearers, I twigged game! It was the signal he'd mentioned Carteret——"

"But it was to be a duet, as luck decid instead of a solo by Kernahan, eh?" the " Squadron man broke in delightedly, forgetti all else. "Bravo, old 'B' Squadron!"

"Yes, and a minute later we'd given ' Squadron, far off as we were, the tip to vance! You should have heard Kernahan toot out that song to the unsuspectin' Medfordsh trooper, who had bad taste enough to think 'fine.' We fairly banged it out—me with loud pedal on——"

But Trooper Stephen could get no furth The Sergeants' Mess joined uproariously in th chorus which had played the lead into "B Squadron's hand when it floated more or le musically to them on the warm evening bree across the Common to the ridge of hills beyo Brynhilton:

"Oh, we'll yell it out with glee,
Wherever we may be;
On the march or on the wine—it's jus
the song— (Pompity Pom

For the King's Own Yeomanree
Is at Meringham-by-the-Sea—
So it's canter, trot, or gallop—
GET ALONG!"

THE SPIRIT FOR SPORT.

The right way to go in for sport is to b business cares and give your full mind to recreation, at least for the time being.

Never go in for sport as a duty. To do that like going courting because your friends tell yo it is time you were getting married. A man's lo for sport should be something like his love for th one woman on earth—unforced, and all-absor ing while he is giving his mind to it.

If you take sport in that way, giving it a pr eminent place in your mind for the hour or tw in which you are engaged in it, it will turn yo out fresh and bright for the less interesting though perhaps not harder, work, by which yo earn your daily bread.

WHY THE KING REMEMBERS.

King Edward speaks most of the European languages as fluently as English, and he ha lately been mastering Hindustani, with suc success that on a recent review of native troop at Buckingham Palace he was able to address the men in their native language, to their great surprise and delight.

His faculty for mastering tongues is but an off shoot of his power for remembering everything.

He never forgets a face, for example, and can always recall when and under what circum stances he last met anyone.

The King's friends have often marvelled at this gift, as they call it, but it is only an acquisition and within the reach of anyone.

During his boyhood the King's tutor made him repeat each evening the names of all the people he had met during the day, and also the places where he had met them.

It was a thoroughly scientific memory system, and it has proved most useful to his Majesty.

The system is worth trying simply as a form of amusement, and it is undoubtedly a great improvement on the old method of counting sheep going through a gate for inducing sleep.

A similar form of combined amusement and memory training is to walk past a shop window and to see how many of the articles in it you can remember.

A ...AN ADRIFT

A SKETCH.

By G. B. BANTOCK.

...dead beat, whacked to ...ide, call it what you like ...was broke, out of work, ...son of no account. ...had been running a busi... ...my own for some time, ...difficulties as they ...up, keeping a stout ...tending to my health, ...ing nothing in the way of ...ation. I had been very ...ul, fairly shrewd in my ...gs, always watchful ...e there were opportunities ...ake money, and always—I ...leased to say it even now ... I look back on these ...s—honest.

...t the time came when I found my creditors ...ing me ...edly, and one evening—I shall ... forget it—there came to me an in... ... from the man to whom I owed most ... that he was going to put me through the ...ptcy Court.

...rough it I went, without shame, for I had ...trying my best, and a man can scarcely do ... than that.

...merged from the ordeal broke, without a ... farthing, for I had not followed the tradi... ... tactics of the business world by laying ... a nest egg which my creditors could not ...

...m not likely to forget that first night when ...nd my pockets empty. ... not told my landlady how matters stood, ... expecting a settlement at the end ..., as usual; house-room and food, ..., I knew I could call my own for at ... couple of days longer, but I had no ...and no work.

...I have ever been without work, if you ...ever come into the City in the mornings ...r people in jobs were bustling along to ...you will understand my feelings then. ...my wretches walked past me, men with nar... ...shoulders and no chests, men I could have ... with a single blow, men I could ... to earth by merely putting my ... their shoulders.

... had jobs.

... my superiors. They counted for ... in the world of commerce. I was a ...

...e shock of my bankruptcy was not sufficient ...ke all the nerve and the pluck out of me. ...t around for some means of at least mak... ...livelihood.

...ange as it may seem, the first man to whom ...pealed was my chief creditor. ... had been speculating upon my business, ...iving me credit, and I had never deceived ... the matter of my prospects. He knew ... how things stood and the inevitable ...s probably anticipated by him long be... ...was by me. He had lost money over my ..., but I always treated him straightly as ...

... and asked him for a position as ... I wanted was £1 a week—just ... to keep body and soul together, for ambi... ...was dead within me. ...ad had my flutter, my taste of the big busi... ...e, and I had failed. I would be perfectly ...ed if I could be an ordinary clerk; all I ...ed was to be something in the world, some... ...useful, not a mere person who walked ...t the streets, looking at this and at that, ...ng anything to distract his attention and ...ke his mind out of itself and its pain. ... the old days when my business was run... ... well, when I was making a fair amount ...one..., my chief creditor was most courteous, his clerks took their eyes off my face deferentially, and when I went into his office he himself treated me with much respect.

The visit that followed the disaster was different.

Formerly he had been velvet; now he was iron. I offered to shake hands with him in the old way, for we had always been accustomed to shake hands, but to-night when I held out my hand he did not seem to see it. His face did not relax into the usual smile. He remained placid and hard.

I asked him if he could give me a billet, and he laughed.

He said some things about having been bitten sufficiently by me already and that the last thing in the world he would think of doing was to make me a servant of his.

I heard him without resentment, for I was hungry, and the spirit was dead within me.

I left him and went to another man who had often lunched with me, who had even visited me in my digs., and who had professed lifelong friendship. I found that he also had changed in the way he regarded me.

In the old days he had been more than courteous, he had been positively chummy. Now he was stiff and unbending. I had become practically a stranger to him.

I had made up my mind what I was going to say to him, and I spat it out. I asked him whether he would use his influence to get me a job.

I knew jolly well that he wouldn't do it, when I looked at his face, but I tried to deceive myself and to suppose that he regarded me just as he used to do when he called me "old chap."

He told me he would write and let me know if he heard of anything that was going. I knew what that meant. There was not the remotest chance in that direction.

Why should I tell you of my struggles here, there and everywhere?

I have energy and pluck, and I tried in every direction to get a job. A job to me was something more than bread and butter. It was a thing sacred, a thing that would make me once more useful in the world, something that would make me feel again a man like other men, earning my living and serving the purpose for which Fate had designed me.

I wanted a job badly. I lusted for it.

My pride was not great, for you must remember that my stomach at the time was empty, and I went to all the other friends with whom I had eaten and drunk.

I kept a stiff upper lip and put the matter to them straightly, asking them whether they knew of anything going, and in every case the reply was the same. They would let me know if they heard of anything. None of them offered or promised to take active steps to assist me.

One night I was crossing London Bridge, and the river seemed more cool and more seductive than ever it had. Suicide had not been one of the words in my mental vocabulary, but to-night there came the glimmer of the lights upon the black waters, and they seemed to hold a warmth and a welcome that I had failed to find in the world above them.

I stopped and leant against the parapet, and I stood there looking down into the swirling river beneath me.

Dreams, mad dreams, presented themselves to my mind.

What was life? What was money? What was a job? It would be all the same a hundred years after this.

Ought I to get through it now?

Something smacked me on the back.

It was a hard muscular hand with a good stiff arm behind it, and it shook me a bit, for I was weak and hungry.

"Hullo, old chap," said a voice, "what are you trying to do? Make poetry?"

I turned round and came face to face with a man whom I had long disliked.

I had looked upon him as a business cipher. His interest, so far as ever I could find out, was centred upon horses and dogs and athletics.

He had no sort of business style. He seemed to bring the atmosphere of the fields with him into the office.

I had never liked him. His manner was over hearty, his voice too loud.

I turned round to him then and our eyes met. Perhaps he read something in mine, for his became wonderfully soft and gentle, and he held out his hand. I took it and he gripped mine very hard.

I did not want to sail under any false pretences, and I asked him candidly whether he had heard the news, whether he knew that I was a bankrupt?

He said he'd been away and hadn't heard anything about it, and when I offered to give him particulars he refused to listen to them.

He hustled me off to a restaurant and packed into me a good sound meal, the first I had had for a while, and then he told me that he had a vacancy in his office and asked me—me who was eating my heart out for work—whether I knew of anybody capable of filling the job.

The blood came to my face and my lips trembled as I told him that I should like it myself.

I was afraid somehow or another that he might not think me good enough, but now I know that it was me all along that he wanted. His way of putting it was only tact or kindness.

Before we left the restaurant I was fixed up once more. The salary was arranged and I agreed to start next day.

When I got home to my diggings that night the pluck that had kept me up gave way.

I threw myself on the bed and blubbered like a child.

I *was* a child again, a child and yet a man once more.

I had found work, and I prayed to God to bless the man who had helped me to it, and to forgive me for the ungenerous thoughts I had once entertained concerning him.

MY CAR.

I know very well that it is possible for a man to be in love with his horse, but I never thought that any man could possibly be in love with a motor-car, but he can.

Till I was twenty, my daily work was all with horses. I have driven a van, a cab, and a private carriage; it never seemed to matter much what it was I drove, so long as there was something fairly good in the shafts.

It was only when I got married that I began to see that driving jobs were not what they once were, and my new expenses made me anxious to get a bit more money. I saw that I must advance with the times, and consequently I learned motor driving.

Some time after qualifying, I secured a job and found myself in sole charge of a very fine car.

There is not a square inch on that car, but what I know. I have cleaned every bit of it. I have sat down and smoked my pipe and looked at it in admiration when I had got it all shining.

I almost feel that my employer has no right to seat himself behind me, for the car seems all my own.

We face the dust together, and the wind and the rain. The weather has hardened my face and made it red, but it has had no effect on the car. I see to that. At the end of a journey I may bring her home wet and muddy, but it is a labour of love to turn her out spick and span next morning.

You cannot give a motor-car a bit of sugar or a carrot to make friends, but her love seems to be something more than mercenary, and she yields it not to bribery, but to the steady hand and head.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER.

XVIII. MEN IN PICCADILLY.

Similes are the lamps that light our path to understanding, and you shall surely find no truer simile for Piccadilly than that it is Woman; woman in her infinite variety of appearance and manner and charm; woman in the subtle, irresistible fascination she exercises over men.

See Piccadilly in the brightness of a June sun, her pavements a kaleidoscope of colour, a swiftly changing picture of fashion, alive with gay humanity. She has the young loveliness of a virgin; innocent happiness flows from end to end of her.

See her again in the steady shine of electric lights that hang aloft like a long row of moons, her face white and wanton, her hard bright eyes mocking the lost purity of the morning, while above her broods the blackness of night like a remembered shame.

Surely she is like woman, this Piccadilly, and who shall wonder that at her shrine men young and old foregather, worshippers of her charms, slaves to her beauty, bound to her by the silken threads of her innocence or shackled with the heavy chains of passion.

* * * * * * *

It is noon.

In the window of his club sits an old, decrepit man, his pink skull fringed with thin white hair, the eyes, lack-lustre elsewhere, now lit with a faint gleam as they look out upon Piccadilly.

MEMORIES.

"The Times" is on his knee, but his bony, blue-veined hands lie listlessly upon it. As he looks out upon the scene of young and gay humanity his memory travels back to the time when the vigour of manhood was his just as it is theirs. There is a tiny stir at his heart like a breath of wind upon his last spark of vitality, causing it to glow anew; and he is glad that he is alive, here in his warm club still alive—alive in Piccadilly!

Then along the pavement saunters a tall, slender young man, with a pale, impassive face, inimitable in gait and bearing. He lounges along, cool as an iceberg, emotionless as the Sphinx; and to look at him it is difficult to imagine that he can drink like a fish, swear like a bargee if occasion demand, love like a Don Juan, fight like a devil—but all with a grace that makes his conduct irreproachable.

This is the type that the scum of manhood, so-called Socialists, would abolish, would drag down with coarsened fingers to their level, this finest product of our race—the English gentleman.

MEN BOTH.

On the steps of his club he meets a friend, a robust figure of a man, square of shoulder, deep-chested, his face burned to permanent brown by the tropical sun and stern as a graving in copper.

They chat for a while, the soldier and the aristocrat, and part. What they think of each other you must guess, for both are inscrutable. But just as like recognises like, so each knows that the other is a Man. And that is enough.

The soldier, clad in a morning suit that fits him like a glove, makes his way up Piccadilly towards Hyde Park Corner, with a swing of feet that miss the spurs, and eyes keenly alive to the beauty of every feminine figure he meets. He has known what it is to be far from the woman of civilisation, and he will probably know it again. The remembrance of this morning in Piccadilly will colour the greyness of solitude then. Piccadilly is all woman to him.

Standing in the window of another club is a man with his hands deep in his trouser pockets and a goodly expanse of waistcoat laid open. His crimson face is traced with innumerable tiny veins; he has a heavy moustache and bushy brows shading bloodshot eyes that ogle every girl that looks his way. Upon the good things of life he has feasted abundantly, and his appetites seem rather to intensify with increasing years. Yes, he still has an eye for a pretty woman, by Gad! And why not? Why shouldn't he?

Later on he will die of apoplexy; but now he is in Piccadilly. He likes Piccadilly. Doesn't just know why, but, by Gad, it's the place for him!

THE UNWILLING VISITOR.

There is the country squire who comes to town because he has a fashionable wife and daughters of a marriageable age. Society not only bores him, it worries him. He stamps down Piccadilly, clumsy in the traffic, but finding some consolation in watching the park on his right. That stripe of green associates Piccadilly with home.

He goes along towards the Circus and feels rather a scornful pity for all who live in cities. Give him the scent of drying hay, that's all. You can have your town life then.

And near the Circus he comes across the artist, his shoulders a-droop (the burden of his genius, you know), long-haired, and sadly serious. He is a painter, or perhaps he is a devotee of music, and if his physique clamours for no admiration, well, his art can stir strange melodies of emotion in us—and he helps to make us men.

* * * * * * *

And then night! Night in Piccadilly!

Above the quiet whirr of the motors, the rumbling of 'buses, the rattle of heavy vehicles, rises the laugh and chatter of people, the swish of skirts, the ceaseless tramp-tramp of human feet; and beyond and beneath it all is the muffled roar of London, that vast undertone of swarming life like the droning of innumerable bees.

A MAN AND A WOMAN.

The restaurants are bright and inviting, and as one passes their portals the strains of a hidden band float out upon the air and are drowned in the greater music of the street.

In one of the dining-rooms, decorated with palms, with its marble columns cold and stately, a sleek-haired youth and a radiant woman are dining.

She is delightful, self-possessed. He is ill at ease. Once or twice he feels furtively in his pocket. This night out is running into expense far beyond his conception, and he is in sickly dread that his cash will run short. Then what in the name of badness will he do? He has wild thoughts of making some excuse and bolting homewards. Besides, if the governor should happen to stroll in! This is his first essay in dissipation; and he vows to himself it shall be the last. But it won't be—not by a jugful.

Outside, a girl in her teens, her painted face overshadowed by a spreading hat, parades negligently up and down, up and down, a smile on her tinted lips, her eyes a-glitter. In her teens, that is all, and living on the men in Piccadilly.

What is there that has been unsaid about her and her like? She was a child not long ago, and she is an old woman now, despite her few years. Let her alone!

But there is a man in Piccadilly to-night who does not let her alone. He is quietly dressed, and he has quiet eyes. He accosts her. The warm smile of greeting fades as she begins to understand what he is saying. He is an emigrating agent. He tells her there are countries abroad where women are wanted, where women can become wives and mothers. She laughs in his face; and he goes on, looking for others, for they are young. Unless they are young, it is useless. And sometimes the laugh is silenced when daylight comes, and he is sought for the following night.

THE PARIAH.

One type is never absent; the drink-sodden, disease-rotted roué. He prowls along, a leer on his loose lips, gloating over anything that looks young and fresh. The curse of it is that he often has money, sure lure to corruption. And with him! We need an everlasting hell, if only for him and his loathsome kind.

You have read of the old man who sought his fallen daughter in the streets of London.

Piccadilly is but a name to him, but it is where sin, and it is there he goes first. You will find him if you look for him, standing at a corner, his face bleached with grief, staring into the face of every woman that passes.

He even summons up courage to speak to some of them sometimes, and, giving his daughter's name, asks the woman if she has ever known her. Bad, irreparably bad, is she who speaks, but at the dumb entreaty in his eyes. But often the woman answers pityingly, perhaps promises to make inquiries though knowing they will be hopeless, and she leaves him, a lump swelling her throat, and tears scorching her eyes. He waits on, or he wanders desolately here and there, patient, and always hopeful.

* * * * * *

The theatres are emptying. The throng thickens. Motors glide by; in their shadowy interiors appear dim faces. Some draw up at hotels to discharge men in evening dress, and women with gleaming necks and diamonds sparkling in their hair.

EMPTY NETS.

Women stroll along, women of all kinds. But in the hearts of many is angry despair. For there are not enough men in Piccadilly to go round.

Time passes. The lights of hotels and dining bars are extinguished. The row of moons shines palely upon pavements all but deserted. A hansom jingles along.

* * * * * *

Slowly down Piccadilly comes something drawn by a horse, and beside it walks a man. The water-cart is washing the street. Woman of Piccadilly is having her bath.

PETER GILCHRIST.

PUTTING UP CHEAPLY.

When you are looking out for country quarters for your holidays, you are foolish if you pay the same price as you do for your digs in town.

In a city the price of board and lodging per week varies according to the accommodation you have. You can get it for as little as 1½ guineas including all meals, or you may pay a couple ought to be able to put up for your holiday considerably less. I am speaking, of course, of holidays as I would take them, in some unconventional spot, not at Margate or any other popular seaside resort, where landladies charge pretty well what they like.

There is many a quiet riverside village where you can get a bed, and all that is required by the inner man, for anything from 10s. per week upwards, and, if finance is a consideration to you in the planning of your summer holiday, I would most certainly advise you to give these neglected villages your consideration. You can find them by making a Saturday afternoon cycling expedition, or you can advertise in such a paper as this.

In some villages even the inns are extremely moderate, and better than a cottage.

TRESPASSING.

A FORBIDDEN COUNTRY SPORT.

I include in the list of country sports to which I am addicted incurably, one which is not usually regarded as a legitimate pastime.

It is called trespassing, and its many delights are supremely pleasant and at times exciting.

Trespassing can be enjoyed in almost any part of the country, for the deep-rooted love of the land which is so firmly implanted in the breasts of aristocrat and artisan alike has caused men to watch ceaselessly over their landed possessions and to put up numerous notice boards, and to employ keepers, and land and water bailiffs, and game watchers, and woodmen, and stewards, all for the sole purpose of guarding, protecting, and preserving their land and all that therein is, especially the game.

The law has had an enormous lot to say on the subject of trespassing. I believe it has described trespassing as a penal offence in one breath and has declared that there is no offence in it at all in another breath. Again, the law has declared that trespassing is and is not so many other things in the realm of crime that I have given up all attempt to find out whether it is or is not punishable.

THE JOYS OF LAW-BREAKING.

In all my researches I have had a secret fear that I may some day come upon a definite, clear, and unambiguous declaration to the effect that trespassing is no crime. If such a discovery should ever be made, I, for one, should deeply regret it, for I would have trespassing made a very serious offence if I were King.

It is the thought, the uncertain belief, that in trespassing I am doing something I have no business to do, that gives it a little more than half its pleasure and three-quarters of its excitement.

So long, therefore, as little moss-grown boards are nailed to trees on the edges of thick woods where pheasants crow and rabbits scuttle away beneath my feet, I shall go on trespassing and enjoying myself thoroughly.

A CHALLENGE.

The notice I send: "Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law" is a challenge and an incitement. It acts upon me as the red flag of the bull-fighter acts upon the bull. It sets me on my mettle; it dares me to enter and explore; and what can a man do when these taunts are hurled at him? He must, of course, accept the challenge.

I enter the wood through the five-barred gate. I revel in the hush that falls upon the earth beneath the trees of a dense plantation. The narrow avenues, cut through the undergrowth, may bring me face to face with a keeper at any turn, and I revel in the thrills of the explorer as step by step new scenes and fresh chances of chase and capture and angry woodmen arise.

It is also necessary to lose oneself in enclosed woods or fields. The instinct of direction fades as one keeps a side and surveys a new and unfamiliar face to face with a broad stream or impassably unsurmountable. New situations for ever forming themselves and requiring for solution, and so my trespass is a permanent source of keen anticipation and present pleasure.

THE PLEASURE OF THE HUNTED.

It is a matter to roam over open land (having passed the little notice board) in sight of the keeper's or his agent's cottage. What eyes under, are scanning your every step at tiny square window that peeps like from beneath the thatched roof! What are trained on you from unsuspected of observation? As you walk you feel us of a thousand eyes of man and bird ... you, and each pair belongs ... enemy, a possible friend, but a ... interest and excitement in any case.

... stand and survey your surroundings at ... intervals, partly to enjoy your forbidden fruit of trespass, and partly to scan the approaches to catch sight of any advancing keeper about to warn you off the sacred earth.

A hundred and one different possibilities of excitement and interest present themselves constantly, and when once more you take a running jump and land again on the white high road, you heave a sigh of satisfaction and enjoy the same sensations of success and escape as the African explorer must feel when he leaves the bush and the veldt behind and catches sight of civilisation again.

C. HOLMES.

ALARMISTS.

You meet the alarmist in every office—in fact, in every sphere of life, no matter what it be.

If you happen to have been out, on your return he announces to you that someone with whom you have business dealings wants you to telephone him "At once!"

That "At once!" sends a flutter through your nervous system. You are not, of course, afraid of whatever may happen, but the uncomfortable idea comes to you that something may have occurred which will upset your plans and entail various troubles.

You get on the 'phone and ring up the man who wanted to hear from you "At once!" Then you discover that he merely wanted to know when you could lunch with him, or some such matter.

It is with difficulty that you refrain from swearing at him, for, by the way the message was conveyed to you, you reasonably supposed that it was a life and death business on which he wished to speak to you. You have self-control enough to hold your tongue, but excusably you express your very candid opinion to the office alarmist who set your nerves on edge.

You find the alarmist in other walks of life. He is always eager to make a sensation where there is no cause for it. You get him in the editorial chair of the halfpenny morning paper; you get him as a checker at the gate of a twopenny tube, who urges you to hurry up, as if your train were on the point of starting, whereas it has not, in actual fact, arrived at the station; you get him as the gossip carrier, who tells you that a friend of yours is in a very bad way—who speaks as if your friend had at least broken a limb, whereas he has merely sprained a wrist.

Women are notorious alarmists. Their lives, devoid of excitement as a general rule, are brightened a little by this artificial form of sensation. They almost rejoice when a tremendous difficulty is in prospect—provided that it does not concern themselves and that it has to be dealt with by hands and heads other than their own.

There is absolutely no cure for the alarmist. You simply have to accept him. Swearing at him or arguing with him is useless. He is just a person to avoid; but, knowing him, you can at least discount the intensity of his assertions, and consequently save yourself a good deal of perturbation.

J. J. REDMAN.

CYCLING NOTES.

CLUB LIFE.

During the last year or so I have frequently heard the opinion expressed that cycling club life is on the wane. This, however, is a misconception, for, far from being an institution of the past, the cycling club is a very live concern today, and there are more clubs in existence now than at any previous date in the history of the pastime.

It does not follow, though, that the numerical greatness of these organisations is their strength, for many are they which rise up to flourish for a season, or less, and then are heard of no more. But with the recognised road, social and path clubs, it is a different thing.

These institutions cater for the real cyclist, and it will usually benefit him to join one of them, according to his bent.

Club life widens the whole aspect of the pastime, and, generally speaking, the clubman knows cycling as the unattached rider can never do.

And yet I maintain that not every cyclist is benefited by joining a club. There are such things as temperament, class distinction, sociability and the like to be considered.

But club life suits the majority, and that is why it remains popular.

If a man has speed inclinations and aspires to honours on road or track, he will be greatly advanced in his ambitions if he joins a good speed club. There he will be among kindred spirits, and every opportunity of attaining his heart's desire will be afforded him.

If he is of a more sedate and sociable disposition, delighting in picnics, tours, garden parties, midnight runs and whist drives, let him join a good social or mixed club, that is, one admitting members of the fair sex; in which case he will probably eventually attain his heart's desire in another direction.

There is but one thing of which he should beware, and that is joining a new, insignificant, badly managed or financially unstable concern. Join a recognised, tried and proved club; or at least one whose members are gentlemen, not in the snobbish but in the best sense of the word.

CYCLING FOR ALL.

An interesting announcement appeared in the Press the other day, to the effect that King Edward is about to recommence cycling. His Majesty has not ridden much since his succession, but it is well known that he was an enthusiastic tricyclist some dozen years ago. The report stated that the King's decision to renew his friendship with the wheel was the result of medical advice.

This says much for cycling, and once more bears out the oft-proved contention of the experts, that it is a beneficial exercise for men of all ages. Most of our popular sports and pastimes of an athletic nature require that their devotees shall be young, or, at most, middle-aged; but not so cycling. Provided that one is physically sound and of normal constitution, cycling can advantageously be indulged in from early youth until very late in life.

I commenced my own cycling career, by the way, before reaching the mature age of two, my touring ground being the nursery floor and my mount a diminutive three-wheeler.

There are many septuagenarians and even octogenarians who are still active wheelmen, and able to take their sport with the best.

These instances serve to show that cycling is a pastime for all, recognising no age limit. That the medical profession deem it in many cases a promoter of bodily health has long been evident, and the advice of the King's physicians is an important assurance of this.

At any rate it can be safely said that there is no other form of physical recreation which adapts itself to the requirements of so long a period of a man's life as does cycling, and that is why we cyclists are so large, enthusiastic, and healthy a fraternity.

O. E. SEYD.

A SPORTING SKETCH.

By C. STOPFORD-BRIGGS.

In the Know.

I cannot say that I ever knew for certain the precise method employed by my friend the Pavement Plunger in finding the wherewithal to back his little fancies. Furthermore, his surname has ever been a complete mystery to me, and, like a lost dog for whom five shillings reward is offered in the advertisement, he "answered to the name" of Percy.

Percy wore long hair because it was but rarely that he could afford to have it cut. His favourite haunt was Fleet-Street, its courts and its sidebars, and kindly American visitors in the summer time would frequently guess he was a broken-down Milton and press a not unwelcome shilling in his hand.

Two minutes later you would find Percy diving swiftly down one of the alleys in search of a street bookie called "Spectacles," the basis of whose business was ready money, and the shilling would promptly be invested on some stable secret about which Percy was "in the know."

Now Percival was perpetually in this happy state. Shortly after ten-thirty a.m., when the "evening" papers come out with "All the runners" and the hopelessly fudged "London morning betting," Percy would mysteriously get "in the know" about some highly tried dark horse that was going to romp away with the Champion Breeders' Produce Stakes, or a race of that description.

The failing on the part of Percy was his desire to benefit his fellow man with his exclusive intelligence. Financial depression in Fleet-Street is proverbial; it dogs your footsteps in confidential whispers and "tappers'" mild requests for a beggarly half-dollar from the Cock Tavern to St. Bride-Street.

But for all that, let me hasten to say that this is not due in any way to Percival's "finals." When Percy hinted that he was "in the know" about a horse, it was the practice of his fellow pavement plungers to scratch the animal's name off the fragment of their employers' notepaper or bill-heads that they used for betting slips.

Percy always had "the goods that beat the market," but the result of the race almost invariably beat the "goods" in turn—which exactly explains why Percy's boots were usually prone to take in water during damp weather.

Therefore, imagine my complete and heartfelt amazement when, on the morning of Ascot, I saw my friend Percy strolling along Fleet-Street resplendent in a fancy waistcoat, thoroughly respectable suit, a "nutty" grey bowler, and a pair of race glasses swinging leisurely by brown straps by his side.

I stopped him.

"For heaven's sake, man," I said, "explain yourself. What do you mean by it?"

His get-up even ran to spats.

Percy tapped the back of his recently shampooed head.

"Brains," he said briefly. "I am now Turf adviser to a wealthy lady—by name, Mrs. V. And—how'd you like my job, boy?—she keeps, manages, owns and runs a real double-distilled public house. And it's not a million miles from here. She's a sport, is Mrs. V., and *I—je, moi, ich, ego—I* execute her commissions. Savvy?"

"Can't say I do!"

Percy stopped suddenly and led me aside into a court.

"Can you act?" he asked mysteriously. "Can you be one of the numerous trainers' sons with whom I am supposed to be hand in glove, for ten minutes? Can't say you'd be a credit to a trainer as a son, but you've got sharp features, if not exactly lovely. Be a trainer's son for ten minutes—and I'll introduce you to Mrs. V.!"

"I'll try," I answered, anxious indeed to see the lady who actually trusted Percy.

Whereupon I followed this new, nose-lifted, immaculate Percy into a well-appointed lounge bar which, as he stated, was not by any means

a million miles from Fleet-Street.

"Leave the talking to me!" he whispered, as we crossed the spotless threshold.

Immediately there was a rustle of silken skirts from behind a little mahogany and frosted-glass box marked "Office," and a plump, far from ill-favoured woman, bowed over the bar to the approaching Percy. A perpetual smile played about her lips.

"Good morning, Mr. P.!" she said.

"And the same to you, Mrs. V.!" replied Percy. "This gentleman is Mr. Teddy Williams."

He paused dramatically.

"Not the trainer's son?" asked the lady delightedly.

"You've hit it," replied Percival. "One of my very best friends—partic'lar pals when I lived at Newmarket. Weren't we, Teddy?"

"Yes," I lied, rather miserably I fear.

"We've had some big wins in our time, haven't we, Teddy?" Percy went on, evidently bent on making a complete Ananias of me. He kicked my foot to indicate that I was to play up to him.

"The Black Sand and Ballantrae double," I murmured confusedly, "wasn't so bad."

"A nice little thousand to three apiece," Percy commented glibly.

He felt in his pocket and drew out a letter.

"Funny thing," he said, staring fixedly at me, "I had a letter from my friend here, this morning. Two minutes after I'd read it, who should I meet in the Albert Club but the very individual!"

"Very funny," I murmured, endeavouring to kick Percy's ankle. But he took no notice, and prepared to read the letter I was supposed to have written. Looking over his shoulder I found that I lived at Meath Lodge, Newmarket, that I could not spell, and also used capitals where they were totally unnecessary, writing the pronoun of the first person thus: "i." That I did not expose Percy there and then must be put down as a testimonial to my conscientious objection to giving a pal away.

Percy cleared his throat and read as follows:

"Dear old sport, every one of ours at Ascot to-day is out for blood. You must have a special dash on Puffington and Blue Pansy. We've tried Puffington a stone better than our last year's winner of the same race, and the old man thinks Blue Pansy a cert. for the Gold Cup if it's not lifted this year. I hope you're keeping fit and well, as it leaves me at present, yours to ashes, Teddy."

He put the letter back into his pocket with all the care a man extends to a fifty-pound note.

"Do you think Puffington is a good thing, Mr. Williams?" Mrs. V. asked of me.

There was no help for it now.

"Tried a stone better than last year's winner," I quoted cheerfully from the letter. "Can't say more than that!"

This was the essence of truth. I certainly could not, never having heard of Puffington.

"What did win last year's [illegible]" asked Mrs. V., knitting her fair head.

I was floored! I scratched my head.

"Why—why——" I began, cursing my inwardly.

"Your horse, Twinkling Star. What rotten memory you've got, old boy!" He broke in hastily and contemptuously. "You must excuse Teddy, Mrs. V.," he added [illegible] "He's hot stuff, he is! He was out with two or three of the boys last night up West—got thick head this morning, that's all."

I laughed that I might not swear. Percy very kindly added drunkenness to my accomplishments.

"Oh, you must have a livener, Mr. [illegible]" said Mrs. V., who was a thoroughly [illegible] hostess.

"Bring a large bottle of Mr. Percy's [illegible]" she called to a barmaid.

Mr. Percy's special! The erstwhile Pavement Plunger was evidently "standing on velvet" as he would put it. It was, indeed, *extra special*.

Before we left, the fair-haired and [illegible] Mrs. V. handed to Percy two tenners with instructions to invest them on "Mr. Williams two good things."

I was so thankful to get outside without unintentional villainy being discovered, that I clean neglected to swear at Percy.

"Boy," he said, when we got outside, "you were splendid, taking you all round. You've done me a turn—straight. Why, with [illegible] blood evidence, there's no denyin' I'm [illegible] the know''!"

"I don't see precisely what you are driving at," I observed sullenly.

"Don't see? Great Barcaldine! to think that they don't do you for every penny piece with you go racing!"

He pulled two letters out of his pocket.

"That one," he said, exhibiting the [illegible] had shown to Mrs. V., "I wrote myself. [illegible] —he handed me the other—"is [illegible] Teddy Williams, stable boy in the [illegible] namesake Williams."

I read it. It was written a great deal [illegible] than the one attributed to my hand, and [illegible] cisely stated that the stable did not fancy [illegible] of theirs at Ascot that day, and further [illegible] it would be courting ruination to have [illegible] on either Puffington or Blue Pansy, who [illegible] not "expected" until the back-end of the [illegible] season.

"Now do you follow?" asked Percy.

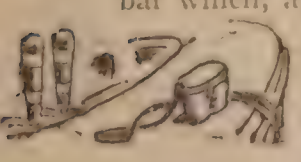
"Yes, O most excellent of turf advisers," [illegible] replied sarcastically.

"There!" exclaimed Percy. "Now [illegible] going to turn on the moral business, [illegible] dear boy, haven't you ever heard that [illegible] people with money were made by Providence [illegible] provide a livelihood for clever people who [illegible] broke? Well, I'm broke. Mrs. V., on the other hand, is confiding and full of shekels. [illegible] chances like sunbeams pass you by? 'Do not let [illegible] was a clever chap. It's my forem[illegible] I don't care who knows it. When I [illegible] self I was in the know—because a [illegible] boys used to write me when they had [illegible] on the job—then, I say, I was hard [illegible] hadn't a decent pair of breeches to my [illegible] Now, I get the boys to tell me when the [illegible] are running a horse at a meeting for—well, [illegible] say merely for an airing.

"With luck I find a Juggins-the-Jay [illegible] a bit on these little 'dead uncertainties' [illegible] stance, the sporting Mrs. V. Hence [illegible] ber; hence these race glasses; hence a first [illegible] ticket and the Reserved Enclosure for Ascot [illegible] afternoon. Brains, my boy!

"But once," he went on reminiscently, [illegible] nearly gave the show away. It was like [illegible]

"I must tell you, first of all, that I had [illegible] a very successful début with Mrs. V. [illegible] casually mentioned a big tip to [illegible] promptly hands me a quid to put on. [illegible] was fairly 'in the know' about this [illegible] was the British Public, because it was [illegible]



arted about six to four on. I paid her the
's all square and above board, and she
d me very politely, she did.
n there came a day when that kid
Williams wrote to me and said he'd over-
the trainer saying they could win a certain
ce with either of the very horses they've
nnin' to-day, namely, Puffington or Blue

stopped and chuckled to himself.
was broke," he went on; "yes, me—broke!
ouldn't think it to see me now, eh?
w, mark you, it was the victory of one of
ms's horses that got me in with Mrs. V.
a idea struck me. Puffington was,
in' to the book, vastly superior to Blue
Therefore I savvied that Puffington
he pea. The horses being in different
ships were, as far as the British Public
ncerned, running independently. They
both on the eight-stone mark, but I felt
that Puffington was a 5lb. better horse
Blue Pansy.
erefore observe the cleverness of my fer-
rain when I went straight to Mrs. V.,
egged and prayed of her as a pal not to
acking Blue Pansy."
. I was merely following my prin-
rding the chances which must not
like sunbeams. Naturally, I in-
. V.'s quid on Puffington.
t shows you the folly of being 'in the
' or thinkin' you are. My dear boy, Blue
a hundred to three—thirty-three

!" I exclaimed. "Where did
to pay her out?"
His tone was full of contempt.
hirty-four quid in all?"
apologise," I said, "for making
suggestion."
sh suggestion be blowed!" he replied.
think I couldn't do it if I wanted to?"
erhaps, then you didn't want to," I said.
ember that I knew you in the old days."
ou did," said Percy with a sigh.
these days are past," I said comfort-
"Tell me how you got out of this

hours I walked up and down Fleet
. I thought I should have to
killing the goose that laid the
But it was brains that came to
ing and old Spectacles' little book
Price Betting Rules."
into his breast pocket and pro-
elegantly covered book of rules.
Rule Fourteen," he said.
"Where investments are made on a 'Winner's Selected' in a race and two from the stable run, then the money goes on the favourite or shorter-priced horse of the

Tattersall's Rules of Betting had
Percy exclaimed. "Of course
had started at a short price, and
, who is one of the hottest merchants
ing to-day, had won with the out-
the disgust of the British Public, and
particular.
Mrs. V.,' I says when I had found this
of the wood, 'Mrs. V., I'm
a fool, an idiot, a dyspeptic winkle,
you like to call me. I never dreamt
Puffington favourite. I wrote out
for you as "Williams' Selected. One
win.",
Then I showed her the book of rules—this
lovely little book of rules to which I owe
temporary salvation, these clothes, and this
class ticket to Ascot. Ta ta!"
had reached Waterloo Station, and my
d dashed off hurriedly to catch the First
Special.
me, I w d off sadly ruminating on
of mankind. But Time has a
paying back little scores. There-
Mrs. V. will one day slay Percy—
o is always "in the know."

OUR SECOND SPORTING COMPETITION.

A Contest you can enter with every confidence, for the Editor guarantees that the judging, and all other matters connected with it, will be conducted on thoroughly straight and sportsmanlike lines.

1st Prize £50, 2nd Prize £20, 3rd Prize £10,

And 320 Consolation Prizes of 5/- each,

OR IN PROPORTION, ACCORDING TO THE AMOUNT OF THE ENTRY MONEY RECEIVED.

This is one of the most entertaining and simple skill competitions ever devised, and we guarantee that it will be conducted on absolutely straight and sportsmanlike lines.

With each attempt competitors must enclose a Postal Order for Sixpence, and all the money received (less 10 per cent., which is deducted for expenses) will be divided amongst the winners in the proportions indicated above.

Half the amount available for distribution will be divided amongst the three whose attempts the Editor considers best, in the proportions of £50, £20 and £10; and the remaining half of the sum available will be divided in 5s. prizes amongst those whose attempts come next in merit.

OUR SECOND COMPETITION.

What you have to do is to make up a sentence, in accordance with the rules below, the words of which the sentence consists being taken from any of the advertisements appearing in this paper.

You must not use more than one word from any one advertisement, and your sentence must not be shorter than four words nor longer than twelve words in all.

Each week we shall set as a subject with which your sentence is to deal, some topic of masculine or sporting interest.

This week we ask you to make a sentence, in accordance with the rules, which shall deal in some way with RACING. In twelve words you can say something to the point. The winning sentences will be those that the Editor considers most clever.

RULES

(Which must be strictly complied with).

1. Each attempt must be written on the printed entry form which appears on this page. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate entry form.

2. Each attempt must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d. made payable to the Proprietor of THE MODERN MAN. Cross your Postal Order "& Co.," and write the number of it distinctly in the space allotted for that purpose on the entry form. If you send more than one attempt, you may enclose one Postal Order for the full amount, reckoned at 6d. for each attempt; where one Postal Order is enclosed to cover a number of entries, its number must be written on each entry form.

3. All entries for this competition must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, July 6th. The result will appear in our issue dated July 31st, and published on Tuesday, July 27th.

4. The Editor accepts no responsibility for entries lost or mislaid.

5. The Editor's decision as to the winners, and as to all other matters concerning this competition, is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

6. No correspondence whatsoever can be entered into in connection with this competition, and telegraphic and telephonic communications will not be answered.

7. Sentences must consist of not less than four words and not more than twelve words.

8. Each word of your sentence must be taken from one of the advertisements appearing either on the covers or on the white pages of this number.

9. All entries must be addressed to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and the envelope containing them must be marked distinctly in the top left-hand corner with the word "Racing."

ENTRY FORM. 2

Your sentence is to be written in this column, one word in each line.	In this column write the name of the advertisement from which each word is taken, and also the number of the page on which the advertisement appears.
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12

I enter this Competition on the conditions and in accordance with the rules mentioned above and I accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Number of Postal Order.....

IN DEFENCE OF BILLIARDS.

Though essentially a winter game, it is probable that billiards is being more played at the present time than it has been for the last six months, for it is a game that a man takes to during his leisure time, whether that leisure falls in daylight or darkness.

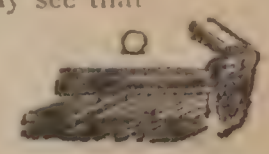
Much has been said against billiards because it does not appear to develop the muscles as much as do certain other sports, but after playing a hundred up, you would be astonished to find how well exercised you are in every part of your body. Generally you want to sit down and that is fairly good evidence that your muscles are tired.

How many miles one has to walk round a table in the course of a game it would be difficult to say, but the distance is considerable, and, besides, one's arms are exercised, while the back is by no means neglected.

The muscles benefit almost as much by the restraint necessary as they would by being exerted to the full.

The eye is trained in a manner that is rivalled by no other sport except, perhaps, rifle-shooting, and it is a well-known fact that the man who excels at the target generally excels also with the cue.

The most common objection to billiards is that it is generally played in an ill-ventilated room, so that, though you get exercise, you don't get fresh air. This is a matter, however, that can readily be put to rights if you will only see that the windows are kept open.



THE NAVAL PADRE.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

The ward-room call him "bishop," or "padre," the lower deck sometimes irreverently allude to him as "'Oly Joe," irrespective of his Christian name.

As a rule, however, the naval chaplain is popular with all ratings. He has got to be, or he would quickly find life unbearable. His popularity is founded on solid grounds.

He has got to be a man first, and a parson a goodish way after.

Take the padre I have in mind. He is not a very big chap, but he is tough and wiry, and he got his "Soccer" football "blue" at Cambridge.

He may not be just as limber as he was twenty years gone, but when there is sport or athletics afoot, he is pretty sure to have a finger in the pie. He knows the value of sport in helping men to lead clean lives, and like most sailors he dearly loves to get across a horse.

The padre has a difficult position to fill. He is a sort of buffer between authority and the lower deck. He is bound to support the "owner" (the captain), but at the same time he must not hesitate to speak up when he sees injustice.

He has got to be mighty tactful. He lives bang in the middle of his flock, and they take some shepherding. He must know when to turn a deaf ear to "language," but he must always assert and maintain respect for his cloth.

But our padre knows how to steer a clear course. He doesn't come preaching and saying "Hush," with upturned eyes when everything's gone wrong with a man, and he is relieving his feelings a bit. He knows that on a man-o'-war nerves and tempers are sometimes strained beyond endurance, and he waits till you are in a fitter frame of mind for receiving a little good advice on the subject of blaspheming.

And when he has got anything to say that needs saying he doesn't "preach." He doesn't make out that he is better than you are; he just talks to you man to man, as one brother to another—sometimes like a Dutch uncle.

His sermons are short, but straight from the shoulder. He talks about the things that trouble sailor-men, and he doesn't wrap up his words in honey.

You can't fool him. I remember a cove tried to shirk out of service by saying he preferred to worship God in private. The padre tips the wink to the owner, who orders the sailmaker to rig up a tent on deck, and then the padre tells the gentleman who wanted to worship in private that the tent is at his disposal and would he please start in worshipping.

What with everyone crowding round the tent and the groaning that went on, the shirker was soon glad to sneak back to regular service with the rest of the crew.

The padre can keep his temper, but he knows when to lose it, and lose it he does when he finds any of the hands reading the filthy atheistic literature that is sent about our fleets.

He needn't really worry about it, though. The British sailor may not be a very religious man, but he does believe in God. I don't see how any man could be a sailor and not do so, for sailors are often in tight places where you need a strong and simple faith in God to pull you through.

That's what our padre teaches us. Not to bother whether one religion is better than another, but to stick to the main thing—God, and trust Him to see you through.

"Trust in God, and keep your powder dry," that is the padre's motto.

He is earnest in all he does, and earnestness counts for a lot with sailor-men. They twig a rotter or a hypocrite in a twinkling, and his hold is gone.

But the average naval chaplain is like him I have in mind, a good man in every sense of the term, and therefore there are many far less God-fearing places than one of His Majesty's battleships.

A. CLARK.

MY NOTEBOOK.

PART OF A LETTER.

Here is part of a letter which I have received from a reader in Sunderland: "Whenever I go into the country," he says, "I always think of you. I went into Yorkshire last Monday. My father met me with the trap and we were moving along the road at a gentle pace, pipes in mouths and everything going well, when suddenly I thought: Where will our Editor be now, I wonder?

"Of course I had a bundle of your papers in my hands, but that was not the only reminder; whenever I smell the sweet country air I seem to smell you."

As I look at my reader's letter, I recall a memorable drive across the North Yorkshire moors. I was on a walking tour, all on my lonesome, and, the weather being hot, I had not troubled to bring with me even a cycle cape. I left Barnard Castle one morning and I had not got farther than Bowes when it began to rain very heavily.

ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

At Bowes I did not feel quite hungry enough to have lunch and, expecting to find some inn not very far away, I went on towards Appleby, which I had fixed upon as my evening destination.

I had not gone very far when I discovered that the country was extremely wild and that there was not the slightest vestige of an inn. Presently I came to a farm on the left side of the road, and there I asked the good lady whether she could supply me with a meal. She did, and I can assure you that I did it justice.

I had just finished when there came into the house the farmer's son. He was about my own age and a fine strapping fellow. We were friends at once, for we seemed to have a good many interests in common.

He asked me, of course, where I had come from and how far I meant to go, and he was astonished at the very idea of my facing the rain, for, strangely enough, you find that many countrymen have an astonishing dislike to getting wet.

"You stop till 5 o'clock," he said. "I'm going over to Brough for my sisters then and I'll drive you across. You'll get there just as quickly as if you left now and walked."

So I waited and went with him.

THE HEART AND THE BODY.

It appeared that he did a bit of horse dealing, buying young horses cheaply, breaking them in, and selling them at a good figure. The one he had in the shafts now was a splendid goer, and a credit to him, taking us down the steepest hills at the trot, but pressing back against the breeching as a well-trained horse should under such circumstances.

The rain was still heavy, but the young farmer had lent me a coat and I reached Brough perfectly dry. He picked up his sisters at the house where they had been visiting and we parted company.

I do not suppose that we shall ever meet again, but his jovial ruddy face will always remain in my memory as a pleasing picture, and I shall never forget how we faced the wind and the rain together in the high two-wheeled trap.

Yes, my Sunderland reader, though your Editor was, on that Monday, sitting in a London office with the hum of the traffic and the clatter of motors sounding in his ears, his heart was with you as you drove across the Yorkshire moors.

OUR SPORTING COMPETITION RESULTS.

It will be Tuesday, July 20th, till I am able to announce the results of our first Sporting Competition. I could have arranged that the winners' names and addresses should appear in an earlier issue, but I have fixed this date because I am determined that full time shall be given to the consideration of all the entries received.

In the old days, when I worked in other people's editorial offices, I learned how publishing houses conducted their competitions, and in some cases the time allowed for the reception of entries, was wholly inadequate. It was impossible to consider a large number of entries in a couple of days, and therefore I am sure my competitors will be entirely with me in the fixed that date for the appearance of the results, for it will allow justice to be done to every single attempt.

After that the results will, of course, appear each week.

I am determined to break away from the catch-penny methods too often adopted in connection with newspaper competitions, and to run this one on lines which will be creditable to myself both as an Editor and a sportsman.

A NEW FEATURE.

Next week I am starting a new feature which I think should be of interest to most of my readers. It is a column of replies to correspondents.

The question of dealing with editorial correspondence is always a difficult one. The rule in most offices is that no letter should be answered unless a stamped envelope is enclosed for reply. I do not know that this rule is altogether reasonable, but I have consistently followed the custom of other editors in this respect.

In dealing with the many letters which come to this office each morning and the many I receive by day, I have had to make some sort of distinction in the matter of replying to those correspondents who do not enclose a stamped envelope, but the line has been drawn only where business matters are concerned.

Where a man writes and asks me whether an article on a certain subject would be likely to be accepted, I do not reply to him unless he encloses a stamped envelope. Why should I, when the suggestion does not strike me as being helpful, I should only be wasting my own time and my secretary's in dealing with it.

That has been my custom in dealing with business letters, but my methods have been very different in dealing with those that come from my friends and readers who have no sort of axe to grind, but are simply wanting to see me or write me better. Some of them have enclosed a stamped envelope and some have not, but I have never made any difference, for I have replied to them all, and with pleasure.

MAKING FRIENDS.

It is one of the delights of the Editor of such a paper as this that you receive so many letters from men you have never met who like you for what you have written.

It takes a good deal to make the average man sit down and write to an editor. But when he does so to me I fully appreciate the compliment and send him a hearty letter in reply. I may have been to him merely the Editor, but to me he is an actual person, for I sign all letters I write to him with my own name and not with my usual subscription. We cease, so to speak, to be in the relation of Editor and reader, and become personal friends. In many instances we have become staunch pals.

It has struck me that certain matters concerning which my readers have inquired would be of general interest, and therefore I have decided to set apart a column for the purpose of reproducing the replies to them of myself and contributors.

I have now gathered about me a number of contributors who are capable of answering almost any inquiry which is of general masculine interest, and in future those questions which I consider would interest most readers will appear in the paper.

I need scarcely say that I shall be pleased to answer direct by post all friendly letters from my readers, although the replies to many of them will be reproduced in these columns for the benefit of others.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

RESERVE.

A MAN'S LATENT STRENGTH.

...u seem that a man's strength—no in what direction it lies—is generally ed by his reserve.

n whom you know all of within a quarter our of your first meeting, ceases to have rm for you.

lls you all he can do, and even if he ruthfully and you believe the whole of it, to impress you, because you have al- t up in imagination his limit, and he ...ond it.

other hand, from time to time you man who is a quiet sort of chap with ensions. Gradually you discover from ree that he is great on riding and that e that does not acknowledge him master to be born; from another source you t he can use his fists more than a little; n yet another direction you learn of some d action which he has performed.

are surprised a good deal, but pleasantly u like the chap at your first meeting, and ly—most friendships are a matter of ...th—you admire him and appre- more and more as you learn the many things he can do.

had told you all this at the outset you have set him down as a braggart, and you would not have become his friend. endship there must always be an element nknown. The man who is your truest as something in reserve which appears able to you. He says some little thing or me little thing which shows you that you t grasped the whole of his character, and er will.

is why you like him. He fascinates you very fact that he has much in reserve, and little, as the hidden parts of his character light, you think you know him better ...inly like him better.

...e never quite certain what he will do or t, but you know that whatever he does or ll be straight; otherwise, of course, he not be your friend.

this constant discovery of hidden points makes him fascinating, and it is the same yourself that makes him like you.

the latent energy in a gigantic machine, ...leship, or in a gun, that gives it its As you look at any of these things ...doing much, but you know what ...pable of doing, and you honour their and revere them.

same Territorial regiment as myself, are two troopers who are my special ... a quiet, thoughtful kind of chap ...ourly physical strength; the other ...ermilion, a man who is up to any but who does the most daring of his with all modesty; he is worshipped by the

...chap was telling me one evening two walked down the street to- ... set upon by a rough and how ...e to his rescue, knocked the man ...l till he came to his feet, knocked him ...in, and repeated the process till the ... had had up with scrapping and took ...

...at in praise of his friend and re- him as being every kind of hero. next time I met our regimental Kerna- congratulated him on the scrap. ... was ...ing," he said. "The fellow ... much, and I couldn't stand by ... ill-treated."

...men would have swanked about that ...and would have tried to make it out to ...border fought battle than it was. If had done so, I should not have ... more of him, but, taking it as ... insignificant matter and one which ... particular credit upon him, he raised ... twenty per cent. in my estimation.

R. BUTT.

HEELING THE SORE.

The young man was very green, but he had that pluck which is so necessary to a man when he hazards his neck for the first time upon a horse.

He had just joined the local Yeomanry corps, and after his first lesson in the riding school, during which the Sergeant-Major kept him hard at it, he discovered that he was painfully conscious of his rear quarters because they ached so.

While unsaddling in the stable, he mentioned this to a fellow trooper and inquired whether he could suggest a remedy, because he had read somewhere that if you wanted to find out a thing you must ask.

Alas, for the foolish things that are written, and for the faith of those who swallow all they read!

The new recruit was very trusting, and his adviser was not over trustworthy.

The man of experience bent over him and whispered a magical recipe into his ear.

Let us follow the young recruit back to his digs; let us watch him dart into a bootmaker's shop and return with a small brown packet, which he puts in his coat pocket; let us watch him sitting in his bedroom sewing a pair of rubber heels into the rear part of his riding breeches.

But friends were ever false.

The rubber heels were inefficient in their new office, and the recruit's adviser must have told somebody about it, because the joke in the Squadron is now to ask the youngster: "What did the rubber heel?"

SPORTING.

Mr. Hardnut, the bookmaker, had invested in a slashing mare and a very fine dog-cart, and in it he took for a spin a friend and occasional client, one Mr. Mugg.

Mr. Hardnut didn't want to sell his new turnout, but in order to make his friend envious, he did his best to keep the mare up to the scratch, and he secured the desired result.

"Give you a hundred for the lot as it stands," said Mr. Mugg.

But the bookmaker wasn't having any.

Alas, how circumstances alter cases! Before they had gone very far, they came to a steep hill, and just at the top of it the mare took it into her head to shy at a motor-car and to dash along at full tilt.

Mr. Hardnut tugged at the reins, and, as frequently happens under similar circumstances, one rein snapped while the other slipped through his fingers.

He tried to speak, but the rushing air sent the words back into his mouth. Mr. Mugg, supposing that perhaps a man's last message was being told to him in case he should be the survivor and carry home the dire tidings, leant forward and placed his ear close to Mr. Hardnut's mouth. What he heard was:

"I'll sell you all that's left of this lot for a tenner when we get to the bottom of this hill."

But there was no taker.

HAPPY NIGHTS.

XII. AN EXILE'S RETURN.

When a man has spent many years in some deadly climate, doing his country's work among inhospitable and uncompanionable strangers, his thoughts turn longingly to the scenes of life and gaiety that he knows are in progress in far away London, and he sighs for the hour of his return.

Though he may have left it in disgust and cursed its gaudiness and expensiveness and show and conventionality, he has forgotten these things after long absence, and he thinks only of the impressions that fascinate by their elusiveness.

You never know how dear a thing is to you until you lose it, and though the glamour of London may have but little confessed attraction for the Londoner at home a very few weeks in a foreign land will make him long for the lights of Piccadilly and the bustle of the Strand.

Coming from a far outpost of Empire, the town at night completely drugged me with its pleasures and its life and glitter.

For the monotonous solemnity of a lonely African station, I had now the blue-grey haze of a London evening. For the blackness of immeasurable bush, I had the blue electric lamps, flickering into brilliance. For the slow courses of the stars, I had the dancing lights of cabs, the smooth, quick passage of the luxurious cars, filled with the evening merry-makers. For the stolid black creatures who surrounded me in my years of exile, there was now the flavour of England's loveliness and the healthy smartness of well-groomed men.

There was service of the most attentive and comfort-giving kind. There was the restaurant, all aglow with life, and sparkling; and there was the theatre, where gathered all that was attractive and appetising to the senses.

The life of London, and its change, its sparkle, kept me spell-bound, and I wandered to and fro among the people, anxious not to miss one jot of all its varied pleasures.

Few nights have been so sweet as that on which I entered London after exile.

HERBERT BOYD.

THINGS SEEN.

XV. PERFIDIOUS ALBION.

The place, a mean street in Soho; the time, late afternoon on Empire Day. Ahead of me, I perceived a small boy carrying a Union Jack—a Union Jack in that warren of seedy foreigners, crazy Anarchists, and worse.

And the standard-bearer was not a young John Bull. No, his clothes, his boots, to say nothing of his sallow complexion, beady dark eyes, and crisp, dark hair proclaimed him a son of Gaul.

Suddenly there brushed past me another urchin, a sturdy, dirty, ragged guttersnipe, as unmistakably English as the flag-carrier was French. He bore no Union Jack.

Swiftly he approached the little Frenchman from behind, tore the flag from his feeble grasp, and disappeared with it round the nearest corner.

For a moment I thought the two children were having a game, but the little foreigner's face—I was abreast of him by this time—soon undeceived me. For a moment or two it wore an expression of blank bewilderment; then it crinkled and broke like a wave breaking on the shore, and roar after roar of mingled wrath and grief rent the air.

It did not seem to occur to him to chase the robber. He just stood and howled. I felt sorry for him; I fear that he will grow up an Anglophobe, and I am sure he will never forget the perfidy of Albion.

As for the young rascal of a thief, had I caught him, I should have boxed his ears first, and given him half-a-crown afterwards. For really it was intolerable that Alphonse should carry a Union Jack, while a son of Empire had none.

G. BULCRAIG.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

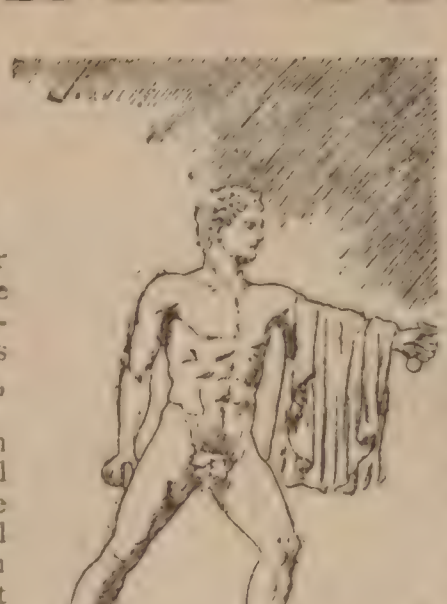
Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

LOOKING WHAT YOU ARE.

Why does a man go in for physical culture? Obviously the answer is that he wants to improve his appearance as well as his health. He wants to be strong, and he wants to look strong.

There you have the matter in a nutshell from the theoretical point of view, but in practice we find all too often that the physical culturist looks no better than other people in the street, and it is only if you happen to see him strip that you obtain any idea of his muscular development.



STATUE OF ARISTOGEITON,
By Critius and Nesiotes.

It is worth while remembering that very few people see you strip. Your fellow members in your athletic club are, of course, envious of your muscles when they see you strip well; but the average passer-by and the man who meets you in the course of your daily labours, do not observe your physical development and they do not give you that respect which they certainly would do if they supposed your muscles were as big as they are. That respect always accompanies a fine physique, is an undoubted fact. Women love the man who is well developed, and his fellow men like him.

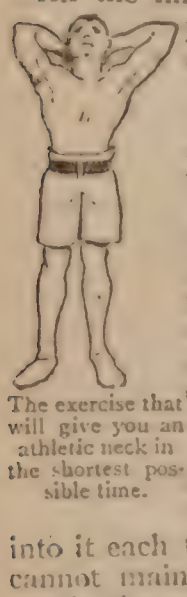
All this being so, you should see to it that you walk smartly and carry yourself well at all times, and also you should make your tailor turn you out to his credit as well as your own. The matter of clothes is not necessarily a matter of finance. In cavalry regiments it is not uncommon for a trooper to have half-a-dozen fittings before his uniform is pronounced satisfactory; you should be just as fastidious with your tailor. He can turn you out properly if you insist upon it, and you should make him remove every crease that should not be there and have things just as you want them to be.

By attending to these points you will seem to be well developed and that is what you ought to seem. There is no use in hiding your light under a bushel, and, if you have muscle and a fine physique, you will give pleasure to yourself and other people by showing it to advantage.

NECK AND SHOULDERS.

Interlock the fingers behind the head as indicated in the illustration. Now drop the head forward till the chin is resting against the chest. Then force the head back till you are looking at the roof.

All the time the head is being pushed back, you must resist the motion of it by a forward pressure of the hands.



The exercise that will give you an athletic neck in the shortest possible time.

It amounts to this—a combat between your neck and your arms, the neck pushing one way and the arms the other.

I have before now emphasised the fact that an athletic neck is a thing well worth having, for by its position a man's appearance is very often judged so far as the muscles are concerned. You will find this exercise a thoroughly satisfactory one for developing the neck rapidly.

Do not do it more than five or six times, for I want you to put the whole force of both neck and arms into it each time, and if you do it too often you cannot maintain the full amount of pressure evenly throughout.

SPORT.

I know a good many physical culturists, and a large number of them are what you might call converts. In their earlier years they have neglected athletic exercise of every description and have only taken to it after they have reached man's estate.

It is lucky for them that they have had their eyes opened even then, for some men go right through life without giving any attention to their muscles, and consequently they miss half the enjoyment of existence, for they never feel that freshness and pleasure in mere living that is the constant possession of the man of muscle.

The fact that physical culture is taken up by so many in their later years, may explain why one finds a number of physical culturists who take not the slightest interest in sport.

If you be one of these, I should like to persuade you to take up some sort of sport. Apart altogether from giving your mind recreation, it will be most beneficial to your muscles, for it will slacken out the stiff ones and develop others which have not been affected by your exercises.

Systematic physical culture makes for large muscles, but sport makes for agile and supple ones. Running, boxing, swimming, rowing, riding, cycling—every sport you can mention, has its merits as a muscle maker, and I strongly advise you, if you have neglected sport, to do so no longer.

HANDS, WRISTS AND ARMS.

I am frequently asked by readers to prescribe an exercise which will bring up the strength of the wrists and the hands, both of which are so much brought into play in the majority of our sports.

First-rate for the fingers; an exercise that gives you a powerful grip, and a hearty handshake.

Here is one of the best exercises I know.

Stand at attention, and place the palms of the hands together in front of your chest in such a way that the fingers are pointing upwards. Now force the points of the fingers hard together, so as to drive the palms from one another.

While you are doing this, you must resist the separation of the palms as hard as you can, so that pressure is brought to bear on all the muscles of the forearms, wrists and fingers.

This may rank as a tensing exercise, for unless you put vim into it there is no purpose served by going through it; but if you do put vim into it, it will bring up your wrists quicker than any other known exercise.

AIR.

The habit of sleeping with the bedroom windows wide open has now become so general that it seems almost superfluous to remind my readers of the necessity for breathing in fresh air all the time they are asleep. But I know that there are many physical culturists who neglect this matter, so that my warning may not be altogether untimely.

During your daily labours you are probably compelled to work in an office or in a shop which is none too well ventilated. Men can work almost indefinitely in bad air, provided they are braced up to it by exercise and by getting fresh air at some time or other during the twenty-four hours. The time when most of us can get it is at night, and therefore I would urge you to have every window in your bedroom open, ... to the fullest extent.

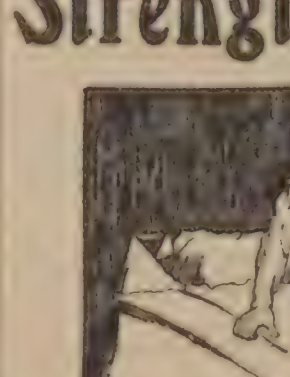
Exercise makes muscle, but fresh air ... up the constitution and the general healt... is useless for you to possess muscle if you ... functional weakness, and fresh air is ... greatest cure and the greatest preventive ... of this and all other physical maladies.

JU-JITSU.

7th LESSON.

This is a remarkably neat way of thro... an opponent upon his face, but like every ... trick of ju-jitsu, it must be done with great ... if it is to be effective.

As your opponent comes towards you, p... sparring for an opening, grasp his right ... with your left hand. Then step sideways s... you face practically the ... direction as he does.



A sure way of throwing your man.

Put your left arm ... his captured right arm ... place your left hand b... his head.

Now pull his head ... wards sharply, at the ... time pushing away his ... leg with your left foo...

If you do this ... quickly and accurately ... is bound to fall on his ... but, as I have said, it must be done with ... speed ...

There is no way of securing this ... by constant practice, and you should ende... to interest some friend in these lessons and ... tise each one with him.

Learn one trick at a time, and when you ... thoroughly mastered it, take up the next. ... stantly practise those you have already learn... that you will remember not only the elemen... the trick, but also how to bring it off with ... cess; for that you must have speed, and it is ... by keeping at it that you can acquire this.

In practising such a trick as the abov... should strongly advise you to work upon a ... mattress, in case the man who is being th... falls heavily.

Remember that here you have one hand ... prisoned, so that it is difficult for him to ... his face with his hands when he comes do...

Strength by Ma...

IF YOU would enjoy perfect health with ... and glorious strength and development of the ... write for my terms. To the man whom bus... a sedentary life my system of Home Training ... and strength and make **"strong in work and ... play."** Improved health and increased ... receives an equivalent in every-day business ... a return of my fee one hundred times over.

A Course of my Exercises will prove the most profitable investment you ever made.

I undertake to cure every-day ailments and physical ... **under guarantee.** Recommended by C. B. Fry, ... Premier Athlete, whose opinion is supported by ... pupils. A Post Card will bring you terms and ... "Health at Home," illustrated, interesting and ... Delays are dangerous. **DO IT NOW.**

T. INCH, Physical Culture Expert,
Dept. M.M., The Broadway, Fulham, London.

...rsonal Experiences of Sufferers from Nerve Troubles (Neurasthenia).

They Tell How They Found Relief and Cure.

...REE TO ALL WHO WISH TO CURE ALL NERVE TROUBLES.

(1) A One-Hour Test-Proof of the New Astonishing Cure.
(2) A Treatise, entitled "Nervous Disorders," by a prominent Nerve Specialist.

(3) Another Treatise Explanatory of How the Remedy Overcomes Neurasthenia (and Nervous Disorders of all kinds arising from Weakness or Exhaustion), and Restores Nervous Strength and Power.

... a practical test is more convincing ...times of argument, you are invited to ... a free personal test of a new nerve-nourishing and nerve-strengthening food which supplies ...ve-cells and brain centres with exactly ...refined elements that they require for their ...uous upbuilding and repair.

...e free gift package here offered to every ...r of THE MODERN MAN desirous of learning ...to overcome Neurasthenia includes :—

...n informing pamphlet on "Neurasthenia ...and Nervous Disorders," in which a famous ... specialist treats the whole subject of ...thenia and Nervous Weakness and ...ure in a most helpful manner. *This book will be of the deepest interest ... the thousands of men and women in the ... country who, while not confined to bed or ... home, suffer from weakness, inertia, headaches, sleeplessness, and sluggishness or ... failure of the mental faculties, and who ... have vainly sought to restore their lost ... vigour by ordinary medical treat-*...

Another Pamphlet which explains *how* Dr. Hartmann's scientific nerve-food preparation, "Antineurasthin," repairs the weakened and exhausted nerve and brain cells of the sufferer from Neurasthenia.

A Trial Supply of Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin," the scientific food preparation ...t directly feeds both nerve-tissues and brain-cells, thereby dispelling depression and lassitude. It is a positive cure for ...neurasthenia, and all forms of nervous ...weakness and loss of tone.

...thenia has been described as "the twentieth-century disease."

...ar is certainly an ever-present symptom. ...uld any condition be more agonising to the ...or woman who is daily called upon to fight ...ercee battle of twentieth-century life?

...ew experiences told by actual sufferers afford ...d way of showing the pathetic condition of ...ic, as well as the marvellous re... as the result of taking "Anti-...."

THE DREAD OF INSANITY.

...r instance, is the story of a lady who ...s a deplorable condition of nervous ex... that she was in constant fear of insanity ...she began to take "Antineurasthin." ... writes as follows from an address in

"ABERDEENSHIRE.

"... I am pleased with my progress, for ... condition before commencing treatment ...with 'Antineurasthin') was an exceedingly ... I have little doubt that, had I ... continue, I would have become ... in a comparatively short time, for I was ... worse. . . . The last three ... only one of hundreds of similar letters ...men and women whose lives were (day and ...t) fear-haunted through neurasthenia.

LOSS OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

"...lose one's nerve and self-confidence is a very ...ous matter in an age when these qualities ...d much towards success in social, profes...l, or commercial life.

...especially must nerve-failure be distressful to ...e whose duties keep them constantly before ...public. This was the condition of a London clergyman until he tried "Antineurasthin." He now writes as follows :—

"LONDON.

"I derived great benefit from the 'Antineurasthin,' and want another month's supply of this excellent nerve-food. People cannot but notice the *increase of self-confidence in the pulpit and elsewhere*, and I constantly talk about it."

SUFFERED "TERRIBLY" FROM INSOMNIA.

Yet another of the many letters from neurasthenia victims comes from a lady who has derived great benefit from "Antineurasthin." She says, in a letter dated from—

"FOLKESTONE.

"Miss E—— will be obliged for another four boxes of 'Antineurasthin.' She has now taken it for two months regularly, and has benefited by it, *the insomnia being better and the nerves steadier*. Miss E—— has suffered terribly from insomnia, and consequent nervous exhaustion, obtaining no relief from doctors and specialists."

The originals of these—and hundreds of others—letters can be seen at the offices of The Antineurasthin Co., 125, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C., and our readers are cordially invited to call and inspect them.

Sensitiveness			
Restlessness	Irritability		
Melancholia	Nervousness	Pessimism	
Insomnia	Fearfulness	Inaptitude for Steady Work	Dizziness
Memory Weakness	Weak Will Power	Lack of Mental Clarity	
Brain Fag	Sense of Failing Powers		
Mental Derangement			
Suicidal Tendency			

HOW "ANTINEURASTHIN" CURES NEURASTHENIA.

It is, in the first place, essentially a food—not a mere drug-stimulant.

It is a food that feeds the whole of the nervous system with those elements the lack of which in the structural tissues constitutes the neurasthenic condition.

It is so easily assimilated that in one hour it is fully assimilated, thus creating quickly a renewed mental and physical vigour. This is *not* mere stimulation, but is really the sensation produced by the actual assimilation and storage of those refined elements necessary to nerve-comfort and vigour.

Readers of THE MODERN MAN are cordially invited to apply for the Free Packet containing the Test Supply of "Antineurasthin" and the two Pamphlets already described. The packet will be sent per return of post on receipt of application, with sender's name and address, and two stamps for postage.

By continuing the treatment for a period of from three to seven days, there will be experienced a further gratifying increase of nervous energy.

This uplifting is not—as in the case of tonics and stimulants—a mere transient whipping up, but an actual addition to the nerve-structure and nerve-strength of the individual.

IMPORTANT.

Ordinary food alone cannot give this nerve-strength, nor can medicine or drugs.

WHY? Because the nerves and brain require a larger quantity of these elements than the ordinary food contains, and drugs, being stimulants, are only nerve-destroyers—not builders.

(Ninety per cent. of Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin" is used up by the nerves and the brain. Only 15 per cent. of ordinary foods is actually assimilated to the whole of the physical and mental body.)

"Give it" ("Antineurasthin"), says a famous scientist, "to invalids and sufferers at the point of death through exhaustion of nerve force, and it will actually save life. It supplies quickly—and in great volume—the all-necessary nerve or vital force. Also, it is a food that makes extraordinarily small demand upon the patient's nerve-energy for the work of digestion and assimilation."

This is the severely tested and uniformly successful nerve-food that every reader of this paper is invited to try absolutely free of charge. You have not to wait a week—or even a day—(one hour suffices)—to be convinced of its marvellous powers of reinforcing a depleted nervous system.

IN ONE HOUR

(this is the short time required for "Antineurasthin" to evidence its worth as a nerve-and-brain-food) you will feel a better man (or woman), both mentally and physically. You will feel (1) mentally more alert, capable of more prolonged intellectual effort, clearer, stronger, and more level-headed, and brain-free from all depression and melancholy. You will be, and feel (2) stronger in body, more able to withstand the strains of modern life, possess a greater store of vigour and energy, and you will be more eager and fit for the day's work, and more able to fully enjoy all the pleasures of life.

By taking "Antineurasthin" regularly, or occasionally (as required), the effect of its nerve-nourishing properties will be still more marked. The irritability of the nerves declines, and all bodily and mental exertions are more easily borne. The capacity for thought and activity of memory increases. The general bodily condition improves rapidly—so vital is nervous health and vigour to the well-being of the whole system.

Of the danger of Neurasthenia it is impossible to speak too plainly. It is a progressive neurosis, and if neglected may terminate in

INSANITY OR PREMATURE DEATH.

Defective nerve-nutrition (nerve starvation) is the source of all this misery. "Antineurasthin" feeds the hungry nerves, and stops their cries of pain or weakness. Every grain of "Antineurasthin" is converted quickly into nerve-nourishing material, and goes to build up new nerve tissues, especially the nerve tissues of the higher centres.

A course of "Antineurasthin" will bring you "Back to Earth, to Light, and Life."

Readers of THE MODERN MAN are invited to make this one hour test of "Antineurasthin" free, as also to read the helpfully-informing two pamphlets enclosed with the trial supply of "Antineurasthin." You have only to send your name and address (together with two penny stamps to cover cost of postage) to the Antineurasthin Company, 125, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

"Antineurasthin" can be obtained from all leading chemists and stores, or direct from the vendors, in 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d. boxes.—[Advt.]

FOLLOW THROUGH!

SOME TIPS FOR BALL GAME PLAYERS.

Be the game cricket, tennis, golf, billiards, or practically any game you like to mention, the importance of following through can hardly be exaggerated.

First, what is meant by following through? Well, an ounce of example, as they say, is worth a ton of precept, and we will take a first-class tennis player making a straight forehand drive.

Watch him and you will see that after the ball has left the racquet the latter follows on or through in the direction of the ball, while the player also follows through with his body by bringing up his right leg, which was behind as he made the stroke.

An indifferent player, on the other hand, either checks his racquet as he hits the ball, or draws it across the ball's line of flight, while he forgets to follow through with his body.

Or take billiards; there are, of course, some shots, such as screws or stabs, where it is absolutely essential to stop the cue-head at the point of impact with the ball, but in all ordinary strokes you will see that the cue of a good player travels on several inches after the ball has left it.

The novice or indifferent player, on the contrary, hits the ball with a short, jerky movement, and the cue-head scarcely follows through at all.

Watch any of the champion golfers playing their approach shots and you will see that the iron or mashie follows through after the stroke until at the finish the head of the club is pointing in the direction of the ball.

What is the use of following through? What difference does it make in your play? Well, the follow through is rather a puzzling subject. It would certainly seem that, once the ball has left the racquet, cue, or golf club, the direction it will take and the distance it will go are settled for good, and that no subsequent movement of implement or player could possibly affect it.

Nevertheless the follow through does materially affect the power and accuracy of your stroke. I am not sure that I can explain why, but I will try.

In practically all ball games the ball is propelled not so much by the hit as by a swinging or sweeping movement. This is particularly true of golf. It is positively fatal to try to "hit" the ball at that game, you must shift it by a swing, and the follow through is the natural sequence of the swing.

You can't follow through if you "hit" at the ball, and as it is wrong to hit the ball at golf, it is clear that if you are playing correctly you must follow through.

This applies to most ball games; in other words following through is a natural action, and if you find your club, or cue, or racquet does not continue to move forward in the direction of the ball, you may be sure you are making the stroke the wrong way.

Following through means that the period of contact between stick and ball is longer than when the stick is suddenly stopped in its flight. The difference no doubt is infinitesimal, but it enables the player to get all his power into the stroke, while it assists materially in keeping the ball straight.

Save where a short, stabbing stroke is obviously required, you should always follow through, not only with your implement, but with your body. That is, the weight of the body should be brought forward as the stick strikes the ball, and the body should move forward after the ball.

Every boxer knows that it is essential to get the weight of the body behind a blow, otherwise it loses half its force, and even in short hooks or punches the skilled boxer follows through by swinging forward his right or left shoulder, even if he does not advance his leg.

Following through is the foundation of all success at ball games. F. VERE DICKINSON.

A PAINLESS FORM OF "TANNING."

The only time a man wants to put stuff on his face is after shaving, and then it is merely to relieve the irritation of the razor and not to beautify himself. Rightly he leaves cosmetics and all that sort of thing to women.

At the same time, however, there is one thing which tickles a man's vanity in the summer time, and that is to get sunburnt.

You see the Territorial newly returned from camp, with a face the colour of terra-cotta, and you envy him; the women folks admire him, for there is something infinitely attractive in a brown, sunburnt face, when there is a man at the back of it.

There is no reason why you should not secure this pleasing effect, even though you cannot afford the time to spend a fortnight in the country or by the seaside. Sunburn comes on very quickly if you give it a chance, and one day on the river or the beach will do wonders to a man's face and arms.

This article is, if you like, pandering to masculine vanity, but I think it is perfectly creditable conceit, for I take it that the man who wants to get sunburnt is desirous of appearing a bit more manly than usual, and that is an ambition in the right direction.

Let us suppose, therefore, that you are setting yourself deliberately to secure a tan in the shortest space of time. The first essential is to wear no hat.

I remember one young chap who was a militant teetotaler going down to Devonshire for the week-end. He came back with the reddest nose I have ever seen on a man's face, and we all chaffed him that the Devonshire cider had overcome his prejudices. As a matter of fact he had been wearing a straw hat which had sheltered all of his face bar the nose. That consequently got burnt red, while the rest of his face remained its usual colour.

Even when you wear a cap, a tweed hat or any other headgear that covers little more than your hair, you miss the full effects of the sun, for, while the rest of your face takes on a nice tan, there remains a pink patch on the top of your brow.

By wearing no hat at all, you let the sun play on your hair as well as on your face, and the sunshine has a distinctly beneficial effect upon hair, giving it a kind of sparkle and brightness that it did not previously possess.

Combine with the sun treatment as much breeze as you can get. Spend your evening on the pier or on the windiest parts of the cliffs, for wind has a tonic effect on the skin very similar to that of sunshine, and by following this plan you continue the tanning process even after the sun has gone down. That is why 'bus drivers, and other people exposed to weather, have red faces even in winter.

Finally, after a day in the sun you should not forget to rub into your skin some sort of cold cream, for, though you want the colour, you do not want to have your face all dry and chipped, as it would certainly become if you neglected this little precaution.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

LETTING OFF STEAM.

THE HUMAN SAFETY VALVE.

I know a choleric, but dear old g... who, whenever he cannot get a drawe... —and he is singularly unfortunate in ... spect—pulls it out and dances on it.

This costs him a good deal in wood, ... sure it has saved him many an apoplectic ...

In Whyte-Melville's ever-delightful ... "General Bounce" lets off a lot ... through the sulphurous medium of "lang... but when he really feels he must "cool off ... "bust," which is about three times a week ... goes to bed, no matter what the time of ... and stays there until the ... "boilers" has reduced itself to ... I have an acquaintance who acts in ... the same way.

When he strikes an ugly snag in busines... just chucks work, goes home and clambers ... bed, where he remains for any period fro... hour to three days.

Some men boil over quickly. The ... story of a great and irascible poet was ... by an intimate friend of his.

The famous lyrist had been sitting at hi... all evening, vainly wrestling with a sonnet ... would *not* come right. At last, in a very ... temper he got up to go home, and made his ... to the hat and coat lobby, where to his in... indignation he found that his hat was ... coming; some miscreant had evidently ... with it.

This outrage, added to the trials of ... ing, was altogether too much ... equanimity. He had to let off steam or ...

In searching for his soft felt hat he had ... down a topper, and now it caught his ... hated toppers at all times, and the sight of ... one on the floor roused him to fury. How ... a man have a hat when he, the poet, had ...

He kicked it savagely, and, pleased with ... result, he kicked it again.

Then a demoniac spirit entered ... There was no one about—even the hall-p... temporarily away from his post.

The poet strewed the floor with topper... danced upon them. He had just about finish... last of them, when in rushed the hall p...

"Oh, Mr. ——, sir, what are you a-d...

With a wealth of language the poet ... that someone had taken his blan... blank hat, and he was taking revenge ...

"Oh, lor, Mr. ——, sir," said the ... more in sorrow than in anger, "don't ... as 'ow when you come to the club to-night ... didn't 'ave no 'at on?"

But the poet didn't care—he had let ...

Some men find a safety valve in laugh... to many, if not indeed most, men a good ... swear is what a good cry is to a woman—... a relief and a tonic.

Others, when life becomes temporarily ... portable, rush to violent exercise for ... ment. I know a man who in his office ... heavy pair of dumb-bells, and, when irri... beyond endurance, he locks the door ... at the bells until he feels better. A long ... a rousing gallop, a bout with the gloves ... excellent ways of letting off steam.

Some men, like my first mentioned ... lieve their feelings by smashing the fu... but this comes expensive, while the practic... throwing the dishes at your wife or the wai... not to be recommended.

Employers often let off steam on their ... ployés, the steam being passed on from one ... another until it ends in the typist's boxing ... office-boy's ears, and the office-boy's kicking ... office cat.

On the whole, it is a good thing to ... steam occasionally. The man who bo... his wrath is apt to nurse it, and become ... moody and bilious. The full-blooded ... blows up with a bang seldom ... harm, and is quickly forgiven ... who have been scalded by his ... OLIVER ...

USINESS IS Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

NESS AND PLEASURE.

recently died a Mr. Morrison, whose is estimated at something between oo and £10,000,000. He made it in of London, working so quietly and un- y that comparatively few were aware istence, and still fewer even suspected as worth such a vast sum.

met Mr. Morrison, though I have him, but the consideration of his im- rtune suggests some things to me ght be worth while pointing out. no facts available as to whether or not d himself, but I do not think he did in that a man with a fortune like that for otherwise we should have heard of

nderbilt, who spends thousands on his hobby, coaching, is a man I can ad- I had his wealth, I should probably n a similar manner. Vanderbilt did not earn his money, he it from the greater Vanderbilt, his That makes all the difference. s comparatively easy to spend money, so very difficult to spend it well, pro- have not earned it, but of all of my acquaintances who have become I could number on the fingers of one se who know how to take advantage prosperity; the great majority are up wealth for some spendthrift heir to

ge made, in the course of his busi- sactions in Wall Street, many millions , and his widow is now busy doling it arity. She has already given away o. She is a woman close on eighty th no children. id her husband work for? For money id not know how to spend. He hoarded his widow simply to give away to

are many like him in a small way in country. They are working for what t call paper money, for the wealth they never more than a name to them. nsible man works not for money but 's worth. It is not the many-figured at charms him nor the bank note, but are that he can get by means of them. her day when I called on the Editor, d me a letter from a reader who had en off his engagement with his sweet- ause he considered that the time spent ng would seriously interfere with his in business.

t suppose that this reader would ever ght of taking such a course if he had ed the girl in question, but if the rea- ve was a genuine one, I think it fur- nding commentary on the outlook me men take concerning the making

t being sentimental, I may be per- say that the love of a woman is worth old of the Indies, and the man who this for mere business, is either pecu- de, or else has lost the true proportion

et all sorts of men in this world, and most plentiful types is he who neglects rospects of business success for tem- nd fleeting joy. He is too familiar a to require describing, and you number many of his species amongst your acquaintances.

His opposite is the man who neglects all pleasure for the mere making of money.

The follower of the happy mean is he who does his business to the best of his talents, but who enjoys life as he goes along.

Youth is the time for enjoyment, provided the enjoyment be sensibly taken, and while you are still young and still struggling to win success in business, let me urge you not to neglect the innocent enjoyment of sport and human intercourse, for if you do your old age will be a dry and sapless thing, filled with regrets, and all the money you have made will not compensate you for the lack of those happy memories which are the possession of the man who holds a sane and even balance between business and pleasure.

FIXING A SITE.

"Our motto," said the managing director of a large firm of retail tobacconists, "is not to wait for the people to come to our shops but to take our shops to where the people already are.

"In the tobacco business, and I imagine in many others, we rely at least as much on a passing trade as on regular customers, and it is therefore all-important that they should be in a position where there are many passers-by.

"When we open a branch in a provincial town, we invariably select that spot where the High Street is crossed by the next most important thoroughfare.

"Some shops fail because they are opened on the wrong side of the street. It is too much to expect people to cross the street if they can be supplied equally well on the side on which they are accustomed to walk. Every street has a good and a bad side.

"The reason for it is the position of the most populous part of the town. People will generally walk on the side next their homes. But the reason does not matter much; what we consider is the fact; and we always make allowance for it in choosing our sites."

SHABBY SHOPS.

It is just as well to be cautious in taking the advice of an interested party. The shopkeeper at the present moment is being advised by many shop-front makers to put the ornamentation of his establishment in their hands. In many cases it would be profitable for him to do so. In others it would not.

In slum districts the shabby shop is practically the only one that can hope for good trade. The very poor dislike patronising a shop of the gorgeous kind. Even if the prices are as low as possible, the patrons feel out of place amid these splendid surroundings.

An acquaintance of mine purchased a grocery business in a street running off the New Cut. He paid a pretty heavy price for it, but considered he had secured a bargain, for the turnover, as proved by the books of the previous owner, was extremely satisfactory.

For the first few weeks my friend ran the business on the old lines, and found that the patronage was all it had been represented to be, but with this he was not satisfied. He believed that a more showy front would take the shine out of all competitors and double his business.

And so the new front was duly installed.

While it was being put in there were boards up which partly concealed the novel splendour, and the custom did not fall off, but as soon as the hoarding was taken down and the plate glass and brass revealed, the customers began to dwindle away until they numbered little more than half what they had been in the old days.

I mention this case as a warning to those shopkeepers who may contemplate a change in their front. Improvements may or may not bring more profit; it all depends on circumstances

A CABINET-MAKER'S SECRET.

I was chatting with the manager of a popular furnishing company the other day and received a little insight as to how a customer may be stimulated to take a liking for an article that would otherwise be passed over.

In all their sideboards this particular company have a secret drawer constructed. Their customers are chiefly women, and even in the case of a young couple furnishing, it is generally the woman's vote that clinches the matter of a purchase.

A woman will come into the shop, look at several sideboards, and finally be on the point of leaving with the usual "I shall call again."

Then is the time for the revelation of the secret drawer. The salesman promptly opens it, points out how useful it may be for the concealment of her bank book or jewellery, emphasises the fact that it is much less likely to be looked for in a sideboard than in a desk, shuts the drawer and invites the customer to open it again.

Needless to say she is unable to do so and requests the salesman to show her how it is done. He explains that it is against the rules for him to do this unless she becomes the owner of the sideboard.

It is merely a new way of playing upon human nature and upon feminine curiosity in particular; but in a large percentage of cases the sale is brought off in this way, when it would not otherwise be possible.

HOW THEY GET YOUR NAME.

The openings in the regular professions and trades are generally snapped up, but there is always an opportunity for an alert man to strike out a new line which does not come under any of the usual categories.

Such an one was he who started the now gigantic business of distributing circulars and prospectuses. His first order was to distribute 10,000 circulars and this he did by hand. Other orders followed till the business is now one of the most important in London.

He keeps a register of all the investors in the Kingdom. It consists of forty volumes and you may see inscribed in it the names of practically every shareholder with the name of the company in which he has invested, and the amount. Some of these names have been bought at the rate of £2 15s. a thousand, but to obtain others it has been necessary for the head of the firm to become a shareholder himself.

The result justifies the trouble, however, for he is in possession of the only such register in existence, and it is covered by insurance for £10,000. He can practically command his own price from company promoters and general advertisers, for opposition in his own line can be scarcely said to exist.

The last time I met him he informed me that he had placed an order for 10,000,000 envelopes at a cost of £20,000, which gives a fairly good idea of the magnitude of his business. His biggest order was sending out a million and a-quarter of prospectuses of the Manchester Ship Canal. Orders for a million are by no means uncommon, and his weekly output of circulars never falls below a million and a-half.

"CAREERS."

There has been sent to me by the author, one of the most admirable little books which I have come across for a long time.

It is entitled "Careers," and gives in the briefest compass, particulars of many trades and professions. In it, for example, you are told the method of procedure, if you want to become a solicitor, a teacher, a dentist, an exciseman, a sailor, a soldier, and so on.

Moreover, it describes in a very interesting manner such problems as emigration and apprenticeship. It is not in any way talky-talky, but is brimful of facts, and I most strongly recommend perusal of it to any of my readers who contemplate a change in their callings.

It is published by Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son, Temple House, London, E.C., and the price is the modest one of 1d.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XVII. THE DUEL.

The letter was sealed and marked "Personal," and Richard half expected it to be some sort of a begging letter, of which he received an astonishing variety nowadays.

But after perusing it he swung round in his pivot chair and spoke to Graill, his secretary, whose desk occupied a corner of the private office.

"Looks as if it's my turn to receive startling communications," he said. "Just listen to this!"

Graill settled himself into an attentive pose, his look inquisitive. There was a hint of amusement on Richard's face as he read:

"'Too much prosperity is bad for a man, very bad. It tends to cocksureness. The same is partly true of adversity, only its effect is to create desperation. In fact, in the humble opinion of the writer, a little sharing would not alone be equable but pacifying——'"

"Here!" protested Graill with a laugh. "You're not serious?"

"It's all here," said Richard, patting the letter. "Seems rather an elaborate introduction to blackmailing—but listen!

"'——equable but pacifying. £250 would not be a bad start. A message in personal column of "Moulden News" will bring instructions for despatch. The writer is no fool, nor does he imagine Richard Selby to be one. Unless the suggestion is adopted, disaster will overtake one whose safety is very dear to him, disaster swift and terrible. That is all.'"

"Anonymous?" queried Graill.

"Of course." Richard examined the letter and envelope closely. "Both address and the message typewritten; Birmingham postmark, and paper such as you can buy anywhere at a penny a packet."

"You've been reading Sherlock Holmes," chaffed Graill, who was an inveterate reader himself.

Richard became thoughtful; and Graill watched trying to read his mind.

No matter what events transpired, in business or out of it, Jim Graill always felt keenly interested to know what course Richard would take.

He deemed himself something of a judge of human nature, and his usual method of procedure in cases like this was to picture what his own actions would be in like circumstances. In applying the result to Richard he was invariably wrong; which merely goes to show the diversity of their natures.

Strong characters do not concern themselves with what others would do. They do not imagine; they act.

Richard's rumination was over almost instantly. He put the letter in his pocket and turned towards his desk again.

Graill still watched, knowing in his mind that he would have torn up the anonymous communication and been quite satisfied that he was acting as all wise men would act. Was Richard going further with it?

"We'll see about it later," came from Richard casually, as if he read Graill's wonder. Then his complete immersion in the sea of work that had to be got through was a silent command for Graill to follow suit.

Not until business was over for the day and they were in the saddle on their way homewards was the matter referred to again.

The village of Bagley lay about a mile behind and they were nearing Bagley Park, a part of which extended for a little way along the side of the road they were on.

Richard's easy trot kept on and he was unusually silent. But a short distance on he turned into a lane, easing his horse to a walk.

"This way," he said to Jim, who followed obediently, though such a departure from the main road was unprecedented.

"One thing about that letter," observed Richard, speaking slowly as if stating a problem more to himself than to his companion, "is how the deuce the writer guessed that anybody *is* very dear to me."

"Ah! H—m!" commented Jim, gazing heavenwards reflectively.

"I mean, *why* the deuce he thought it," corrected Richard.

"Don't see any difference," said Jim.

"Well, there is a difference," was Richard's retort.

The least suggestion of sentiment in Richard always moved Jim to mirth.

"Where y' going?" inquired Jim after an interval.

"To interview the writer of the letter," replied Richard calmly.

Jim pulled up in complete surprise.

"Then it wasn't anonymous?"

"It was intended to be, but there's only one man on the face of the earth who would have written it—and he lives along here."

"But suppose he denies it?"

"He will; but that won't matter."

"But the thing's most likely a joke."

"We shall see very soon."

"Well, if it isn't it will be a damn serious matter."

"It will," agreed Richard grimly, "if I feel like it."

He was silent. A little later they arrived at some iron gates, and Richard dismounted. Partly screened by trees, Jim could see a square white house.

"Wait here," said Richard, "unless you're in a hurry to ride home. I don't suppose I shall be long."

Jim surveyed him, a doubtful expression on his face.

"Can't I come?" he asked, almost pleadingly.

"Nothing you can do. Besides, there's the horses."

"Ride 'em up to his front door; why not? Hang it, Dick! if there's a bit of sport about you needn't be a selfish devil about it."

By sport Richard knew that he meant danger.

"No," he said, after a moment's consideration. "It isn't a matter in which anyone else can interfere. It rests between Derwood and me."

A peculiar note rang in his voice and suddenly Jim felt that he did not envy Derwood.

Richard went through the gates and along the drive to the house. A ring at the bell brought a smart maidservant to the door, and of her Richard inquired whether Mr. Derwood was in. Receiving an affirmative answer, he gave his name, and waited.

He half expected to be refused an interview, and his next message was already formed in his mind, a message reminiscent of past happenings that he calculated would be effective, but the maid returned and asked him inside.

Preceding him through the wide hall and to the left along a narrower one, she opened a door and stood aside for him to enter. Nerves strung to any emergency, prepared even for sudden attack, Richard stepped quickly into the room.

It was fitted up as a library; Derwood was seated at a table where he had evidently been writing; two men were present, who, from their dress, appeared to be servants. They stood by the window, looking through it, and directing a glance their way, guessed were intended as a bodyguard.

"Well?" said Derwood coldly. "What you here?"

"Mean them to hear?" asked Richard, eating the bodyguard with a curt nod.

"I do. I intend them to be here all you are. When I'm compelled to interwhose method of argument is the vulgar fisticuffs, I consider it necessary."

"As you like," said Richard imperturbab"Though if I can't get on without them ment I shall use it just the same."

The men at the window turned, but gestured for them to take no notice. cool to an extent that surprised Richard.

"I've come in answer to your letter," Richard.

"My letter! I've written you no "Your blackmailing letter."

Richard, ignoring the contradiction, if I read it you will remember it."

He did so.

Derwood listened, regarding him "And you dare to come here and of sending you an anonymous blackter?" he said, indignation manifest in

"Who said it was anonymous?" "I didn't."

"What do you mean?" said Derwood swift change of expression.

"Don't be alarmed, Derwood," said Richwith a smile. "You didn't sign it by mistHe referred again to the letter in his h"No; as you say here, 'the writer is fool.'"

Derwood's lips tightened.

"Nevertheless you believe it?" he asked, again coolly.

"No one else in my circle of acqu is capable of such a polished effort," Richard, merely to shake his composure

"Responsible for a document that me penal servitude for ten years?" Derlaughed gently.

"You've hit it," agreed Richard, but his brain was diligently striving to grareason for Derwood's confident attitude was unusual enough to be suspicious.

"And your proof?" asked Derwood placidly.

There was none. Richard knew had come here relying upon intuition him the cue to his actions.

There was no shadow of doubt in that Derwood was the instigator author of the letter. Indeed, he was that Derwood had not dared to take the scheme, at least not willingly. In all this Richard felt something than appeared on the surface.

Those two men in the room any attempt to extract a confession force.

All these thoughts went through with the rapidity of lightning, Derwood's question promptly.

"I've come here to get the proof,

Derwood's eyes darted towards if he expected personal assault, sight of them having reassured curled.

"That statement is in keeping with interesting intentions," he are clever enough to invent machines."

Again he had parried dexterously was even so far.

Richard, who had been standing doorway, now obeying the impulse approached his enemy.

The men at the window moved but Richard merely sat himself edge of the table. The man

"How fond they are of Richard. "You must pay their

"Now, listen to me," he quietly. "It's my way to fight his face. For too long a time been trying the stab in the back.

...op it. A certain thing has saved you so ...t——"

...know what you mean," cut in Derwood. ...daren't do anything to me because I'm a ...of Miss——"

...hard's hand crunched his shoulder like a ...

...tion that name here," he said in a low ...and I'll kill you."

...Derwood wrenched away, slipped from ...air, and the men, running forward, stood ...nt of him.

...ner second and there would have been a ...but there was a tap at the door and the ...came in again.

...here's a [illegible]tleman at the door asking to ...[illegible]tleman," she said, indicating ...

...demanded Derwood, coming ...[illegible] his defence. "He can't come in ...[illegible]" he turned to Richard—"you ...

...[illegible]l [illegible]k his head. He had regained ...[illegible]. ...

..." he said. "I haven't done with you ...[illegible]."

..." ordered Derwood.

...[illegible]n't!" ...him in," said Richard.

...on't I?" Richard strode to the door. ...!" he shouted. "Through the hall and to ...

...maid gave a little scream as one of the ...rushed at Richard, but a quick command ...from Derwood.

...op, damn you! I'll have no brawling in ...use."

...appeared at the door and took in things ...glance.

...ems I was right in thinking you could do ...help," he said.

...ave this house, sir!" Derwood ordered. ...ésently," said Jim amiably.

...re was a dramatic moment in which no- ...stirred, then Derwood dismissed the ser- ...from the room and went back to his seat ...e table.

...was just about to tell Derwood, Jim," re- ...Richard in a steady voice, "that in future ...get from me as much as he gives."

...h!" exclaimed Derwood. "What can ...? You haven't an atom of proof of any- ...against me."

...here's one thing," returned Richard, "that ...uch as you are in deadly fear of, and it's ...eapon I [illegible]se for you." He paused. ...[illegible]" Derwood bent forward for the ...[illegible]!" said Richard.

..." Derwood's laugh was almost ...e in for! What d'you think you've done ...[illegible]? Slandered me! Slandered me ...witnesses! There they are and they'll ...to [illegible] word you've said. You've ...[illegible] of the worst crimes in the ...[illegible]e without a tittle of evidence, ...[illegible]!" ...ake you sit up for it."

...[illegible]tly and looked at Richard. He ..., a mistake after all.

... eyes were wandering slowly round ...om, as he thought out this devilish way ...ich he had been trapped. Then Jim saw ...light exultantly, and he knew Richard had ...a way out of it.

...s that's it," said Richard, his glance now ...d on the triumphant countenance of Der- ..."And every countercharge I make that ...t back up with evidence will be judged as ...! And you'll have blackened my character ...eyes of everybody that counts?"

...everybody that counts!" echoed Der- ...with meaning.

...hard pondered a moment, his eyes still on ...nemy. Then without moving them he said ...quietly:

..." ...got that Yankee coaxer in ...

...inging delight came from Jim and ...er appeared as if from nowhere.

"Say! haven't I, just!" he exclaimed.

"You cur!" snarled Derwood. "Would you shoot me?"

"Never mind him," said Richard. "Cover those men there. I want them quiet for a minute."

Then with startling quickness he darted to a corner of the room, and caught up a bulky tin case. Derwood was on his feet like a shot, and at the sight of his expression Richard laughed softly.

He came forward to the table, and removed the cover from the typewriter.

"I thought it was only a chance," he said, "but now from the look of you the evidence we want seems sure. Have you a piece of paper—not that cheap rubbish? Ah, this'll do."

He took a piece from the table, inserted it, and drew the blackmailing letter from his pocket.

"I'll just make a copy," said Richard, and for a few minutes nothing was heard but the clicking of the keys. Then he handed over what he had done.

"Letter for letter," he said, "blurred r's and h's, capitals fainter than the small type; oh, a hundred similarities that an expert could detect."

Some remark seemed struggling to pass Derwood's lips, but all that came was an inarticulate murmur.

Richard put both papers in his pocket.

"Now, drop it, Derwood," was all he said, "for you know what I have in stock for you now."

"I never meant blackmail," Derwood whispered.

"Ah! but you were trying to take more than money from me. Fight in the open in future. That's all I want. Come on, Jim; let's get out of this!"

* * * * * * *

"But why leave him alone?" inquired Jim, later. "I can't understand you being such a quixotic fool."

"Because——" Richard's mouth closed like a trap.

How could he do anything to him so long as he was ignorant of what Violet Lyons thought? Yet, that she could ever love such a scoundrel was inconceivable.

"Hell!" he said with feeling, and urged his horse to a gallop.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

OFFICE WRINKLES.

FOR THE MAN AT THE DESK.

A man's work is bound to be better done when he has a clean and dust-free desk to write at, and a blotting pad that is free from any settlement of the smut and general grime which the charwoman has raised in her sweeping of the previous night.

All too often ink-wells are left uncovered to receive the floating particles, and after a few exposures of this sort the ink becomes more like a stiff solution of sludge than "fluid blue-black," and when the pen is dipped it brings out a globule of inky sewage that drops upon the clean sheet before it can be thrown into the waste-paper basket.

Never leave the office at night without covering your ink-well and putting your pad in a drawer or cupboard. You will sit down every morning to a clean desk and your work will benefit.

Most men are content to cover their cuffs with a sheet of paper before starting work. This certainly preserves part of the cuff from dirt and wear against the desk, but it has its disadvantages. The cuff's points are not protected, and, as these are the parts that come most into contact with the desk, they are the first to get frayed and grubby. Moreover, the paper works up and comes off at inconvenient times.

The best way to protect the cuff is to take out the link on one side and to give the cuff a double roll up the arm as far as just below the elbow. Then draw the office jacket down over it and there you are.

The roll does not interfere with free movement of the arm or pen in the least, and the cuff is protected all round.

Of course you are in the habit of keeping a coat for office use only. This will help you in many ways besides enabling you to wear your out-door coat longer.

In an office coat you can put your elbows up and do all sorts of work in any conditions, and you feel ready to tackle any work in comfort.

If you work directly before a glaring electric light, paste a sheet or two of paper on the shade between you and the light. It will do much to save your eyes.

Among the little things that prove useful in every office none is more necessary than a sharp pen-knife, but its possessor should never boast his possession of such a tool or it will be borrowed freely and lost often.

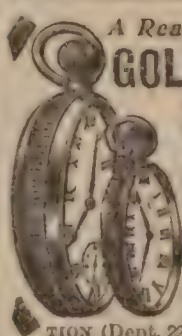
Pen-knives are very useful for other things than sharpening pencils and carving one's name on the desk. One of their uses is for the extraction of an old and dirty nib from the penholder. In the midst of writing your nib strikes, splutters, and refuses to work.

You need another, but do not ink your fingers by pulling it out. Take your pen-knife and open a blade. Put the point of your nib between the back spring of the knife and the bottom of the back of the blade, then press the blade upon the desk or pad and the stiffest nib can be drawn out.

J. R. HOUSTON.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 6, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

Brien
saves you POUNDS, gives longer credit, and offers far easier payment terms than anyone else. Thousands of new SWIFT, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, HUMBER, ROVER, TRIUMPH, PREMIER, PROGRESS, CENTAUR, RUDGE-WHITWORTH, and SINGER cycles always in stock.
High-grade Coventry-made Cycles from £3 10s. cash or 5/- monthly
12 years' guarantee; sent anywhere on approval. Write for lists.
EDWARD O'BRIEN, LTD.
World's Largest Cycle Dealer.
Dept. 214 COVENTRY.
Reg.d

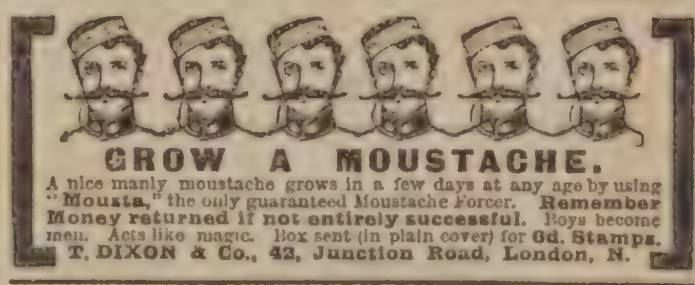


A Real Lever Simulation TO ALL CLEVER READERS OF "MODERN MAN."

GOLD WATCH FREE

The four lines of letters in this square stand for two boys' and two girls' names. We will send you, **Absolutely Free**, one of our famous simulation lever. **Gold Watches** (ladies' or gents'), if you send us the correct names; but you must comply with our one condition and promise to show the watch to your friends, as we wish to advertise our goods. **It costs you nothing to try**, so send your answer at once with your name and address. **A post-card will do.**—THE LONDON GENERAL SUPPLY ASSOCIATION (Dept. 22A), 72, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON, E.C.

C	J	K	A
E	T	R	B
T	K	E	A
S	O	R	E



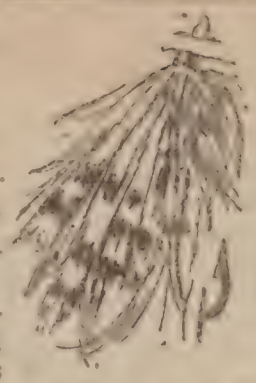
GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A nice manly moustache grows in a few days at any age by using "**Mousta**," the only guaranteed Moustache Forcer. **Remember Money returned if not entirely successful.** Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (in plain cover) for **6d. Stamps.**
T. DIXON & Co., 42, Junction Road, London, N.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE IN THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PROFESSION

depends absolutely on the business methods adopted. "The Art of Teaching Scientific Physical Culture," P.O. **7d.** post free, gives information that commands success. Don't be a failure in the business. BE A SUCCESS. Write now to **ABTRO** (Dept. S.), **Publisher, James Street, Coalville, Leicester.**

FLY-DRESSING



A PLEASURABLE HOBBY WHICH SAVES THE ANGLER MONEY.

The pleasure of any sport or hobby is materially enenhanced if you can yourself make the implements, tools or other arficles required for its enjoyment.

With some sports—as, for example, shooting—you must rely on the manufactured article, but with others, and especially angling, the enthusiast can to a great extent be his own carpenter.

Rods, reels, baskets, lines, gut and hooks are best bought, but the fly-fisher can certainly dress his own flies, and often he will turn out a deadlier lure than the shop-made article, which is frequently too obviously shop-made, and looks as much like the real thing as a tailor's dummy does like a man.

The amateur producing a less highly finished fly gets closer to Nature, and, incidentally to the fish.

Tying your own flies, then, should ensure good sport; further, it is a fascinating pursuit, leading you to close communion with Nature, for you must study flies, fish and Nature if you are to tie artificial flies successfully; it is inexpensive; it can be mastered by anyone who has reasonable patience and perseverance, and whose fingers are not all thumbs; and, finally, there is always the chance that in the course of your fly-dressing experiments you may discover or invent a new fly or a new way of dressing one, and thus win great honour and glory in the angling world.

IMMORTAL FAME.

Without any disrespect to the late "Grand Old Man," I think I may say that among anglers the name of Gladstone is most honoured as belonging to a gentleman who invented the artificial fly named after him.

In fly-tying, as in most other things, "hasten slowly" is sound advice. Many a man takes up tying his own flies only to chuck it in rage and disgust, because he wants to begin where the professionals leave off—that is, he tries to dress a fly without the help of a vice to hold the hook.

A vice is indispensable to the tyro, and any fishing tackle maker will supply a suitable one. The vice should be fitted with rubber clips for the purpose of keeping the tying silk taut and out of the way instead of in it, as it is apt to get during the various stages of dressing a fly.

The other tools required are, hackle pliers, dubbing needle, two pairs of scissors—one with straight, the other with curved blades—and a pair of watchmaker's tweezers.

THE PARAPHERNALIA.

So much for the tools, now for the materials, and that is a big subject. Practically anything in the shape of feather, fur, silk, and wool is useful for fly-dressing, and if you have a sister, cousin, or an aunt her wardrobe and work-box should supply you with material for many flies—assuming her to be of an amiable disposition, only don't presume on her good nature to the extent of asking her to cut up her sealskin jacket to supply you with the fur which is especially coveted by fly-dressers, or to dismantle her best hat to provide you with feathers.

The tying silk, however, is best bought from the tackle maker.

As to feathers, it is impossible to give even a partial list of those used, but perhaps the most useful of all are those of the "fly-dresser's darling"—the starling. Still, there are hundreds of others in use, pheasant's, mallard's, teal's, snipe's, duck's, coot's, and the common or barn-door fowl's. Your poulterer should be able to supply you with a sufficient stock, though you will want some feathers from such birds as the thrush, tomtit, swan and others not usually eaten.

Seal fur, as I have mentioned, is highly prized, but difficult to obtain, and the humbler hare's ear is more generally used, the water rat also contributing to your furriery.

You also want some horse-hair, whisks from rats and rabbits, crewel-wool, herbs (strips of plume from large feathers such as the ostrich or peacock), floss, tinsel, quill, plenty of neck feathers or hackles, roffa grass, and above all a lump of pure, unvulcanised rubber, which is out and away the best all-round material for bodies.

The rubber should be cut into very thin slices about 1 inch long by ½ inch broad, and then lengthwise into very narrow strips, and the best tool is an old razor, which should be kept wet while in use.

If you are wise you will have a cabinet with plenty of shelves made for holding your materials, or you will make one yourself if you are a bit of a carpenter, and remember that your materials should be kept clean, and free from moth, mites and other insect pests.

THE TYING OF THE FLY.

The hooks you will have bought already, taking care to get the very best only, and now we come to the actual tying of a fly, and this is just where I feel something of a fraud, for it is impossible in a short article like this to describe the various stages by which the bare hook becomes a scintillating fly.

If you haven't a book on the subject your best plan is to "undress" several artificial flies, from which you should be able to form an idea of the order and method of tying, and then the rest is simply a matter of practice.

The first step, however, is as follows. The hook being fixed in the vice (which, with your table, should be arranged so that there is a good light from behind you), wax about ten inches of tying silk, afterwards cleaning the fingers and thumb with turpentine. Then, commencing at a point about one-eighth inch from the shank (having already hung the silk over the shank, one end quite short), take half-a-dozen turns to the left, then back over the same place with six turns to the right.

NOT SO EASY AT FIRST.

The short end of the silk should now be to the left, the long end to the right of the turns. Cut off the short end, and you are now ready to begin.

The object of this manœuvre is simply to attach the silk to the hook and remember that henceforth the silk is not cut again till the fly is finished, everything being fastened on by twists and turns and not by knots.

Next, unless used with an eyed hook, the gut would be bound on, then the whisks, next the body, then the wings and finally the hackle.

Further than this I cannot go, except to remind you that you must not expect to become an expert fly-dresser all at once, but "hasten slowly" and before very long you will be deriving immense pleasure from a most fascinating branch of angling.

G. B. POTTER.

WHATEVER YOU WANT TO SELL

You can sell by means of a small advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange Column.

WHATEVER YOU WANT TO BUY

You can buy by stating your needs there.

No other paper produces such results to advertisers, and your announcement need not cost you more than a shilling.

See page 3 of cover

FOR THE NERVES.

The man who is overworked or who is down, is generally irritable and bad tempered many cases he waits for Nature to put him r but, if he is wise, he will cure himself quickly than Nature would do it.

He will take "Antineurasthin."

This, the proprietors guarantee, is not or a medicine, but a brain and nerve food, there is nothing to beat it if you are feelin colour, whether it be owing to lack of sleep over-indulgence in life or exercise.

The offer made by the proprietors of "neurasthin" of a trial supply, is a very s business proposition, for it enables you to what "Antineurasthin" can do before you the expense of buying it. Probably this arra ment is as satisfactory to them as it is to customers, for nothing more than a neurasthin" is required to prove its ef nervous disorders, no matter what may cause.

A £500 INSURANCE

Registered and good for a year.

The Proprietors of "THE MODERN MAN" entered into an arrangement with the

GENERAL
ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE
Assurance Corporation, Ltd.,

whereby any reader over 14 years of age may obtain an Insurance for

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS

payable, subject to the terms and conditions of the Insurance, to the next-of-kin of the holder if he or she be killed by an accident to any RAILWAY OMNIBUS, TRAMCAR, or CAB within the Kingdom or the Channel Islands by which he travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying or the holder of a free pass.

The Insurance will hold good for one year date it bears and will be dispatched on receipt subjoined Application Form, filled in with address, and occupation of the Applicant, accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d. and an addressed envelope.

No person may hold more than one of these insurances in respect of the publication in which this announcement appears.

Fire, Burglary and Larceny and Domestic Servants Insurance.

IN ONE POLICY FOR ONE PREMIUM AT LOW RATES.

NOTE.—Being Independent of all Tariff Companies this Corporation's Policies are free of all restrictions and conditions.

ASSETS - - Over £1,500,000.

Chief Offices:
GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH; and
9 and 10, KING ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

THE MODERN MAN.

Form of Application for £500 Insurance.

To be detached at dotted line and forwarded to the

GENERAL
Accident Fire and Life
ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
General Buildings, Perth, Scotland.

I request you to forward to me, in the accompanying addressed envelope, the Insurance above described, and to register my name as below, as the holder of such Insurance, for which purpose I also enclose a Postal Order for 6d.

Full Name, ...

Address, ...

.....

Occupation, ...

Date, ...

Postal Orders should be made payable to the "General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," and crossed.

Please Write Plainly.

An Evening at the Windmill

A SKETCH.

e light fails and the bats come out to heel in strange and swooping move- en only a glimmer of the day's de- ory lingers through the trees in the west; when, in short, the night is n no man can work in garden or play ield, and the landscape fades into un- depths of grey mist—then we gather table in the centre of the parlour at nill" and pass a genial hour in gossip ellowship while the brown Hampshire lentifully in the quaint old mugs.

n is just a typical inn parlour, such a y be found in any wayside house betake themselves of an evening for two. It is half parlour and half ith its roomy high-backed benches n cooking range.

ning ceiling, with the thick cross gests great age and many memories, ictures as adorn its walls reflect the stincts of the men who nightly gather flowing bowl to drink to each other's their own contentment.

cer's almanack, which combines the oses of picture, calendar, and, per- lvertisement, makes a tiny splash of

dlord, genial fellow, as all landlords e, moves to and fro among his custo- each and all of whom he is better "George" than by the more formal ciable "Mr. Smith." For many years as kept the "Windmill," having pre- he yeoman service in the house of one d's aristocracy.

he shag begins to circulate in those little packets, and before the smoke ck and dense and heavy, blotting out of one another, let me introduce a few who form the company, and you will reader, one and all, a varied set of each one good of his kind—in fact a p of England's best.

EIR EASE.

ay along the bench just underneath sits Day, a clean-shaven man, with wide sympathies and full of pleasant ort and sportsmen. Without him our eam would scatter to the winds, his cheery help we pull off many a ht match.

him sits a man who makes a joke of e, and sometimes a long white jacket ests a life beneath the sun's direct and beams. This man is worth his weight pon the farm by reason of his cunning h animals.

in a corner, Jesse sits, smoking con- a short clay pipe, saying little but ll things in—both by the ears and A handy man is Jesse, and as civil and to one and all as could be wished. He and people say he has a leaning to- e Territorials.

On either side of me sit railway men whose work is done, for ours is not a village where late trains arrive. The elder man is given to reading and has independent views on things in general. He knows his Ruskin with extraordinary accuracy, and shoots his shafts of criticism clean through the gaunt and gutless form of Socialism.

RUSTIC ROMANCE.

His colleague is a younger man with hair as light as flax. He has a quiet word now and again with the landlord's pretty daughter—and one never knows what may happen one of these fine days.

Yonder sits a red-faced man of heavy build, who knows a good dog when he sees one, and has a ready stock of yarns on rural topics, and knows a certain winner for the next big race.

There is also the keeper, a quiet, keen-eyed man who never says more about his birds than he can help, for he knows not what enterprise his hearers may be moved to undertake if he should whet their appetites with stories of the pheasants and the partridges.

The gardener and the carpenter, the drover and the woodman sit around enjoying their rest, and listening to the never-flagging conversation as it runs from poachers to parsons, and from racing round again to broad beans and late frosts, and the newest bit of village gossip or scandal.

CLOSING TIME.

There is the best of good humour in every word, all suspicion of malice being conspicuous by its absence.

Now and then a racy story that has filtered through from town sets everybody laughing, and as we all know "one thing leads to another" until ten o'clock, the rural closing hour, arrives. The company rises to a man and needs no brawling barman to shout out the hour as is the case in less sequestered spots. We turn out into darkness that may be felt until our smoke-dimmed eyes grow accustomed to the night.

A word or two outside the door and then "good night" all round concludes another day, and as I listen I can hear a dozen different footsteps making tracks for home along the lanes and footpaths.

R. LAWSON.

SUPPOSED HUMOUR.

"Do you like pâté de foie gras, Mr. Noorich?"

"No, indeed. I wouldn't have the works of any of these French authors in the house, for the girls' sake."

* * * * * * *

"I don't think motor-cycling gives people any exercise."

"Then you don't know. You ought to see the people dodging me in the street."

* * * * * * *

The Father: "You want to marry my daughter, sir? The idea! I'm surprised you should think of such a thing."

The Suitor: "Oh, come, come! You're prejudiced against the girl. She's all right."

* * * * * * *

"Poor fellow!" said the motorist, as the prostrate form was dragged from beneath his car. "Have you a wife?"

"Yes," he groaned, "but this is the worst thing that ever happened to me."

* * * * * * *

"Tammas," said the Scotch minister, "you're in an awfu' state. I can go into the village and come away again without getting drunk."

"Ay," said Tammas, "but ye see I'm sae popular."

* * * * * * *

Wire from commercial to his firm: "Wife died this morning. Please send substitute."

* * * * * * *

Father: "Did you succeed in breaking in the new horse so that he will stand motors!"

Son: "No, father, but I broke the dog-cart."

FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

V. THE ARTISTS.

The distinguished corps which has been known for so many years by the somewhat confusing name of "The Artists," has not even yet emerged from the melting pot into which it was cast by Mr. Haldane's Territorial scheme.

The "gentleman ranker" corps of London proved a difficulty, as some opposition appeared to exist at the War Office against turning them into Territorial battalions as they stood.

With the London Scottish, however, this has been done, while the Inns of Court have become an Officers' Training Corps. "The Artists," on the other hand, remain neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, but they still remain "The Artists," retaining all the individualty of the old corps under the appellation of the 28th (County of London) Battalion, London Regiment.

Their position is a somewhat peculiar one, and caused no small amount of comment recently. They are officially designated Army Troops Infantry, and are attached to the 2nd London Division, but are not of it.

It was hoped at headquarters that, owing to the fact that one of the other battalions allotted to the division was hopelessly below strength and seemed to have no prospect of acquiring the necessary percentage in time, "The Artists" might be able to take their place as one of the battalions in the division.

With this end in view the Corps went ahead and enrolled recruits until the strength exceeded 700 men and 28 officers, and was approaching the full strength of an ordinary battalion, 1,009.

Then the backward battalion came up to the scratch, and "The Artists" were informed by the Army Council that their strength must be reduced to four companies, or roughly 400 men.

At one time there was some talk of disbanding some 250 to 300 men in order to come down to the proper establishment, but even the War Office is not so foolish as to turn away men who have in them the makings of fine Territorial soldiers, and at the time of writing there is every prospect of the old establishment of eight companies being returned to.

"The Artists" is a corps with a history, founded as long ago as 1861, and formerly the 20th Middlesex Rifle Volunteer Corps.

Its headquarters in Duke's Road, Euston Road, include one of the largest drill-halls in London, which has seen many of the smoking concerts for which the Corps is famous, and for the talent displayed at which the members of the Corps are themselves largely responsible.

The most striking thing about "The Artists'" smokers—to one who is familiar with that form of function—is that the audience is as orderly at the end of the evening as at the beginning.

The working uniform of the Corps is the khaki field-service dress, and "The Artists" are essentially a working corps. Their state of efficiency is witnessed by the fact that at the Territorial Sports at Ranelagh this year they won prizes in each of the four events for which they entered, winning the bayonet team competition, and sabre v. sabre, and being second to the H.A.C. in tent-pitching.

As the name and badge of the Corps betoken, it was originally intended to consist of the devotees of art, but at present, although many of its members are actually artists and the Corps enjoys the patronage and friendship of many whose names are famous in various branches of art, membership is open to the professional classes as a whole.

The battalion, therefore, consists of a select body of well-educated men, and provides the ideal material for an officers' training corps. But "The Artists" have no desire to become anything more than a crack infantry battalion. The men would none the less be capable of taking their place as officers in time of emergency, but at present it is to be hoped that the Army Council will see their way to reinstating the Corps as a unit of eight companies.

M. ALLAN.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

IVER TOGS.

It is often a puzzling question what one should wear when going to disport oneself upon the river, especially if a journey of any length is necessary before the water is reached.

If you are fortunate enough to live near the banks of the river and in a more or less secluded part of the stream, there is no difficulty about it—you can just go down in any old flannels and in your shirt sleeves; but in the more frequented and fashionable parts it is a different matter.

A man in a tweed suit and a boat always looks somehow out of place. Flannels are the proper thing for the river, but then arises the question as to what colour they should be.

For those who spend much of their spare time boating, nothing looks better than an all-white suit of flannel.

The expense of this is by no means unjustified, in spite of the comparatively small number of occasions on which it can be worn. The trousers can be used for any sport at which white flannels are usually worn, while the coat makes an ideal blazer if you are a tennis-player or cricketer.

The suit can be either washed or cleaned, and when the art of the cleaner finally fails to restore its whiteness, it can be dyed dark blue or green.

Any sort of flannel suit, however, is quite suitable to the river, or, failing that, you can wear flannel trousers, either white or grey, with an ordinary cloth coat.

WHITE BOOTS.

Many people consider white boots or shoes a *sine qua non* for river wear, and they are undoubtedly the most suitable thing to wear with white flannels, whether you have a complete suit or not.

But personally I do not think they are indispensable, provided their place is taken by a smart pair of brown boots or shoes, while to my mind nothing looks worse than white boots below grey flannels—except the wearing of them with a dark suit, which one occasionally sees on the piers and esplanades of certain seaside resorts.

CAPS.

The shapes of the cloth cap underwent a great change on the advent to popularity of the motor-car a few years ago.

A certain type of cap became, for no reason that I have been able to discover, associated with motors, and became known as a motor cap.

As it was undeniably a great improvement in the matter of appearance on the monstrosities that most of us wore before, and as fashion, for all its despisers may say, does usually favour what looks best, the motor style of cap came into general use.

The chief points about a cap nowadays are that the top should be made of one piece of cloth and should have no button in the middle; that it should be as flat as possible, and full at the sides, which project over the head, and that the peak should be large and stick out horizontally instead of pointing downwards as in the old pattern of cap.

In the matter of colour, greys and greens and combinations of them are most popular, but any fairly subdued colour is possible, for you must remember that your cap will probably not be worn with one suit only, and must go with all those you have without quarrelling with their hues.

FANCY SOCKS.

I have already referred in these columns to the "clothes cad," who will gaze at your socks, and put his fingers in his ears if they are anything but black or most sombre of hues.

One can but be thankful that he now frequently gets the opportunity for this little display of humour.

A man has almost as much scope nowadays in the choice of socks as in that of his ties, but the same points that I have already emphasised in the latter case should be borne in mind when choosing what the hosier persists in calling "half hose"—though he usually writes it "sox" for short. They should be at once distinctive and quiet in colour and pattern.

To ensure their not being duplicated so often as to be familiar to the eye, if not to proclaim their origin, you will do far better to patronise the small outfitter, or at least one who does not go in for an elaborate window display, rather than the larger and more flashy firms who go in for job lines.

As regards "quietness," there are very few shades, if you get a self-coloured sock, which will not come under this head.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

The days when nothing but a plain white handkerchief was correct are now happily past, like the still earlier ones when a red bandanna was the thing.

Personally I cannot help thinking that a plain white handkerchief—preferably with a broad hem—looks smartest, but a man can nowadays let his taste have free rein.

Silk handkerchiefs are made in almost any colour, but they are an expensive luxury, and some of those made of mercerised cotton, which are now sold in such quantities, are almost as soft to the touch and are practically indistinguishable from silk.

Many men favour a plain white handkerchief with a coloured border, but these rarely look so well as a wholly coloured or a wholly white one.

But whatever pattern you favour, the important thing is to see that the colour of your handkerchief does not clash violently with that of your tie or socks, or any other part of your apparel, for one is very apt to forget such a detail, since the handkerchief is usually picked up casually in a hurry and is generally out of sight in the pocket.

If it is carried in the sleeve, of course, a subdued colour is even more necessary.

A NEAT TIE.

A tie that is well worthy of the attention of the man who likes to be a little ahead of the fashion is the "stock tie" which has made its appearance again after a lapse of nearly half a century.

It is simply an ordinary bow tie—almost invariably made of soft birdseye pattern silk, of blue with white spots—which is passed twice round the collar before being tied.

It should be worn with a plain stand-up collar, the corners of which are bent slightly forward; with the double or with the "butterfly" collars it is, of course, impossible.

When putting it on, the centre of the tie is placed against the front of the collar instead of the back, and it is then passed round and crossed behind, the ends being brought forward and tied in an ordinary bow.

This form of tie looks in my opinion particularly smart, especially on a man who, having a long neck, is obliged to wear a high collar.

It is simply a return to a fashion that was universal in the days of the Victorian dandies, but nowadays it has a distinctly sporting character, presumably because from its shape one associates it with the hunting stock.

CUMMERBUNDS.

There was a time when the correct th
wear in the hot weather, at any rate
river, at the seaside, and in the country,
"cummerbund"—a band usually of bla
about six inches wide, which was worn
the waist so as to hide the joining of sh
trousers when no waistcoat was worn.

Of recent years the cummerbund
undoubtedly gone out of fashion, probably
to the coming into favour of the fancy
coat. When one can wear a light washin
waistcoat, or something of that kind whi
not add to the heat of the body at all, t
small reason for discarding the waistcoat
hottest of weather.

But even when a waistcoat is not wo
cummerbund is no longer in favour—excep
certain frequenters of seaside resorts w
usually a good many years out-of-date i
endeavour to look smart.

Amongst well-dressed men its place is
by a plain leather belt, which has the adv
that it keeps the trousers up, which the cu
bund never did of itself.

LEATHER BELTS.

You can get leather belts in almost an
of leather from grey antelope-skin to sto
skin, and at any price from a shilling up
With white flannels they look far more bu
like than anything else for tennis or boat

It is best to get one with rings at the
and not one continuous strap, for this ar
ment gives far greater freedom to the bo

The camper, whether military or civi
others, will find the rings extremely use
hanging the indispensable jack-knife fr
it be fastened immediately to the ring
short swivel, the knife can hang loose w
getting in the way, and thus save the d
fort of carrying such a bulky article i
pocket.

IMPORTANT.

WHY not have your Suit cut by the man who fitted H.M. the KING

FACE to face we know we could convi
you to order your Spring Suit fr
us and be fitted by **Mr. ELLIS**, who was
ten years principal cutter to a Bond Str
House, numbering Royalty amongst its client
But as we have no travellers we must depe
upon our advertisement and our tailoring
increase our Business. We
want your custom.

We Buy and Sell for cash, eliminating the cost of credit. We do not maintain any travellers, eliminating another cost. These two costs not existing in our business we can provide you with equal Quality Clothes as in Bond Street at practically Half their usual charges.

The MAJOR says:
That Messrs. Ellis cannot be beaten for Style, Fit, and Material.

LOUNGE SUIT in Indigo Blue, New Brown, New Green MATERIALS. } **50/-**

TRY US.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

This is a sample of style and fit. We give it.

J. & H. ELLIS,

The Smart Set Tailors,

201, STRAND, W.C., And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

Printed by HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., 113-117, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, London. Annual Subscription
to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc.
South Africa: The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single sement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

eable Brown Suit.—Leg 29½in.; vest 33¾in. t; height 5ft. 4½in.; post free, 15s. 6d.; cheap; oval; worn 11 days.—Box 604, "The Modern ," 67, Long Acre, London.

Grey Lounge Suit.—Fit man 5ft. 7in.; cost 50s.; 5d.—Box 606, "The Modern Man," 67, Long e, London.

lid Brown Suit.—Fit youth 18 to 20 years; tically new; cost £3; too small for owner; pt 35s.; bargain.—Box 605, "The Modern ," 67, Long Acre, London.

man's Light Tweed Suit.—36in. chest, 32in. de leg; good condition; 20s. Black Lounge t and Vest, 8s.; also few Striped Cambric rts.—Box 609, "The Modern Man," 67, Long e, London.

.—Gentleman's new Tweed Suit; cost 42/-, rifice 25s.; or exchange twelve ducks or fowls for ng; approval willingly, and a genuine offer. ers only, Box 610, "The Modern Man," 67, Long e, London.

of Brown Jack Boots (size 7½), Spurs, and ing Breeches; all first-class makers; lot 30s.— Fulcher, 534, Albert Road, N. Woolwich.

es.—For sale, coachman's white Mackintosh; et collar; not been worn many times; slightly ed; cost £2 12s. 6d.; what offers?—Box 612, he Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Rifle.—Ball and shot cartridges; new; 15s.; ctric Cycle Lamp; 8s. 6d.—Box 603, "The dern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

ed.—Double sculling Dinghy, cheap.—Full ticulars Box 619, "The Modern Man," 67, Long e, London.

Rod, Reel.—Furnished winder, fly book, floats, ket; good condition; what offers?—Box 613, he Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

ed.—Long Roach Rod; buy or exchange Stevens' tch cue, in case.—Box 614, "The Modern Man," Long Acre, London.

inton.—Badminton Set; latest model; com- te; in excellent condition; must sell. No sonable offer refused.—Box 615, "The Modern n," 67, Long Acre, London.

rds.—Capital full-size Billiard Table for sale; w cloth, cues, marking board; latest gas fittings. at offers?—Box 616, "The Modern Man," 67, ng Acre, London.

s.—Set of Eight Biased Bowls, with extra pair, all, for lady; in case, complete, with two jacks; ce 35s., or nearest offer.—Box 617, "The Modern n," 67, Long Acre, London.

hy.—Double scull; newly painted white and rnished; strong, useful boat; £9; bargain.— x 618, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, ndon.

"DIGS."

days.—Comfortable rooms in North Devon llage; good walking and cycling centre; fishing; it two chums; most reasonable terms.—Box 602, The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

nouth or Eastbourne.—Board-residence; 2 first seks in August; terms not exceeding guinea sek; near sea.—Box 620, "The Modern Man," 67, ong Acre, London.

nted.—South or east coast; large bedroom, two eds and sitting-room, with attendance, for July.— tate lowest terms to Box 621, "The Modern Man," 7, Long Acre, London.

nted by two friends for four weeks Comfortable edroom, with use of sitting-room, and Board; righton or near; terms must be moderate.— ox 622, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, ondon.

Wanted.—Bed-sitting-room for single young fellow; Brixton or Clapham; partial board—Box 623, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES AND MOTORS.

3½ Rex Tri-car.—Cane seat; convertible to bicycle; reliable machine; in sound order; £15.—Box 624, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gent's Cycle.—Never used; 26in. frame; Dunlop tyres; free wheel. Bargain, £4; too cheap for approval.—Box 625, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—Beeston-Humber tricycle; suitable for lady or gentleman; in excellent condition; fixed wheel; what offers?—Box 626, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Appliances.—For sale, cheap, in good condition, piano tuner's tools and string; buyer pay carriage.—Box 627, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

50s. worth songs and music in splendid condition; list on application.—Spragg, 10, Cresswell Street, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Wanted.—Flute, 67 patent, by Rudall Carte.—Braaks, 71, Duke Road, Chiswick.

Wanted.—C plated Cornet; professional use.—Box 628, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Cross-bred Retriever.—Black smooth-haired fox dog; really good animal; what offers?—Box 607, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

POULTRY YARD.

25 Egg Incubator.—With Rearer; also Wire Run (Spratt's Patent); all in perfect working order; 20s. the lot to clear.—Box 629, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Incubator and foster mother; both complete; good, cheap.—Particulars, Box 630, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Leghorns.—White Leghorns; pure bred, five 1908 pullets, and unrelated cockerel; good condition; laying; a bargain, 21s.; leaving home.—Box 631, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

TRADE.

Handsome gent's massive double simulation gold alberts, 1s.; with seal, 1s. 6d.; post free.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Fountain Pen.—Very fine; solid gold nib; only 2s.—Box 632, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Watches—Ladies' or Gents'; silver; perfect timekeepers; 7s. each; ditto in gold, 13s. 6d. each.—Box 633, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Safety Razor, with extra blades.—Satisfaction guaranteed; 2s. 6d.—Box 634, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study, and leads to highest speed; simple, rapid, legible, practical; learned in twelve lessons; send postcard for interesting handbook.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Five Pounds per Week and upwards earned by Advertisement Writers; opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus post free.—(Dept. 38), Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford St., London, W.

For Sale.—20th Century Citizens' Atlas; unbound, cost 13s.; also Harmsworth's Encyclopædia; unbound; cost 23s. 4d.; what offers?—Box 600, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

GARDEN.

Garden Hose.—About 40 ft. of ¾-in., with nozzle and union; only used once; cost 19s.; 13s., or exchange new golf balls.—Box 646, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fountain.—Self acting; suitable for conservatory or lawn; splendid ornament.—Box 647, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Garden Roller, tennis marker, hose reel, long handled hedging clipper.—Box 648, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gardening Tools wanted.—Cheap; cash, or exchange.—Box 649, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

STAMPS.

Valuable Old Collection of Stamps.—About 25,000; rare opportunity; London.—Box 635, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale or Exchange.—100 English 2d., no lines, including strips of 9 and 5; a small lot of unused and used English; also Colonials; old issues; want used Europeans.—Box 636, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Breaking up Collection, English and Foreign.—State wants.—Box 637, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Old Stamp Album; cash, or exchange Persian kittens (£3), phonograph (£2), Bengali brass ornaments (£1), collection eggs (£10).—Box 638, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Whitfield King's or Walker's loose leaf Stamp Album; also Gibbons' Catalogue.—Box 639, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fine General Collection.—In large Lincoln album; containing about 2,700 stamps; many rare; absolutely genuine; what offers?—Box 650, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Camping and Boating on Broads.—Wanted, three young fellows to join party first week August.—Walter E. Johnson, Milton House, 22, Khartoum Road, Plaistow, E.

Wanted.—Double Curb Gold Albert; cheap for cash. Box 601, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Invisible Ink.—With recipe; 4½d. per bottle, post free.—Funnell, 81, Queen's Park Road, Brighton.

Territorials (and others)!—"Anti-Chafe" (antiseptic) powder absolutely prevents foot and saddle soreness; heals cuts, blisters, etc.; indispensable in camp; large tins, 6d., 1s.—Anti-Co., 13, Warwick Road, Anerley.

Raitchgee.—Moustache grower; great success; sample 4 stamps; full size 1s. 2d.—20, Henry Street, Peterborough.

Wanted.—Copper Coins; cheap; fair condition.—Box 643, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Hand Quarter Plate, 25s. Camera.—Best achromatic lens; time and instantaneous shutter; with speeds; good order; take £1.—P. N. Rees, 3, Purton Terrace, Bury Port, S. Wales.

Certain Cure for Sweaty and Tender Feet; P.O. 7d.—S. Thomson, 2, Jenner's Row, Birmingham.

Medals.—Zulu Rebellion Medal, 1906; very scarce; splendid condition; what offers?—Box 644, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Small Approval Book of Rare Stamps.—Catalogued over £10; sell outright.—Box 645, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"Looking a bit glum, Old Chap. What?"
"Huh! Found a winner at 100 to 1. Got paid 25's by my man as 'his Limit.'"
"Your fault, dear Boy. I had a Fiver with Duggie Stuart, and got a 'Monkey.' Feel quite jolly. Come and have a 'Split'; but take my tip next time, and send to

Douglas Stuart

102-104, New Oxford Street, London, W.

WHOSE TERMS ARE

1. NO LIMIT. 2. CREDIT ACCOUNTS.

3. PROMPT SETTLEMENTS. 4. PLACE BETTING (Even when the Favourite starts "Odds On.")

Write to-day stating fully your requirements, and

OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

"England's Foremost Turf Accountant—LIBERAL, RELIABLE, PROMPT."—*Vide Press.*

Business Transacted on Principal French Races by Arrangement.

Read what "The Scout" of the "Daily Express" said in a recent article in the "Sport Set" Magazine,

"Mr. Douglas Stuart is indeed an acquisition, and though a young man, is quite a Napoleon of Turf Commission Agents. No transaction is too big for him, and the business of few Clients is too small for his consideration. It is pleasurable to bear testimony to a firm with such a reputation. Go where one will there is never a word heard except in praise of Mr. Stuart as an upright business man. Mr. Douglas Stuart is simply—Mr. Douglas Stuart, which conveys a lot, and he is welcome to the tribute herein contained. I say again, Mr. Douglas Stuart is an acquisition."

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager, THE MODERN MAN, *67, Long Acre, London, W.C.*
Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*